

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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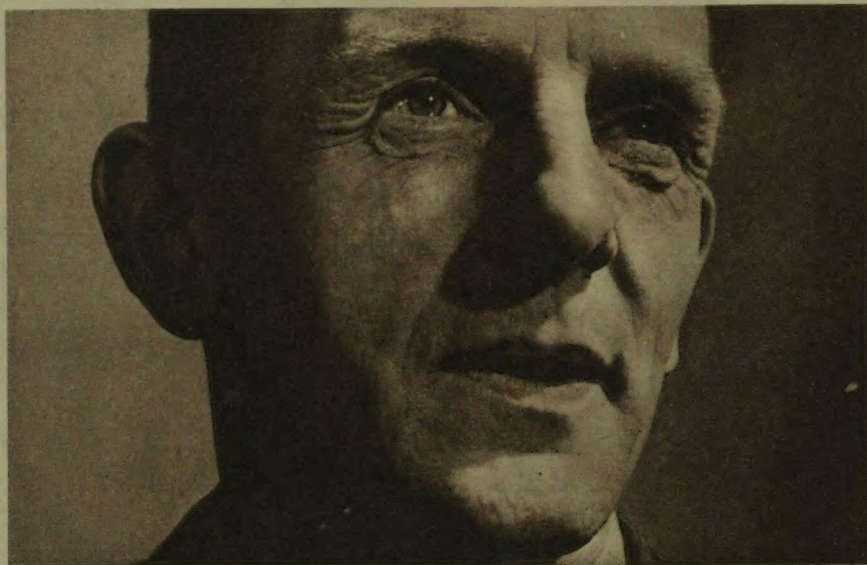
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...only one of the gifts of the DAIMLER CONQUEST

The brakes of the Daimler Conquest are the kind that give you real confidence—*all the time*. There is no tendency to 'fade', and no danger of accidental wheel-lock. The moment the brake pedal is applied, it brings into play an extremely powerful braking system whose action is always smoothly progressive.

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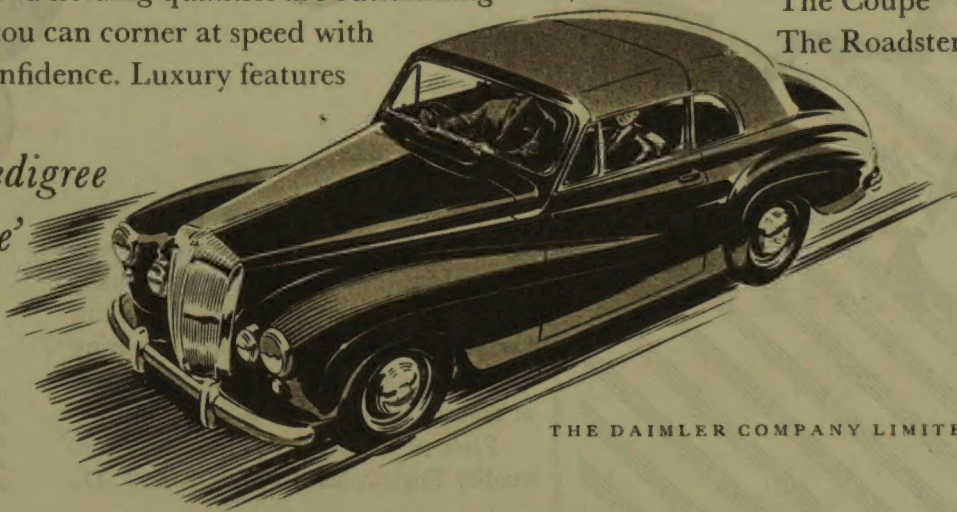
include preselector fluid transmission and automatic chassis lubrication.

More rear-seat leg space. The Conquest is a fine-looking car, combining Daimler dignity with dash. It is also roomy and comfortable, the new model having more room in the rear, with wider opening doors. Price £1511.5.10 including purchase tax.

OTHER CONQUEST MODELS

The 'Conquest Century' £1661. 9. 2. incl.
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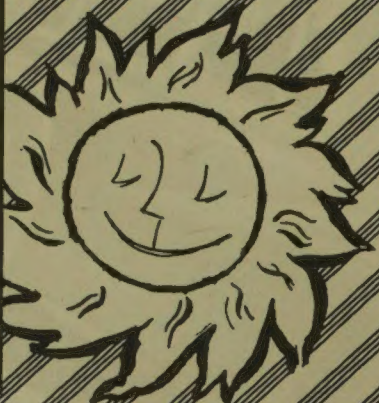
*'Out of pedigree
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The Conquest Coupé
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The powered drophead, operated by a
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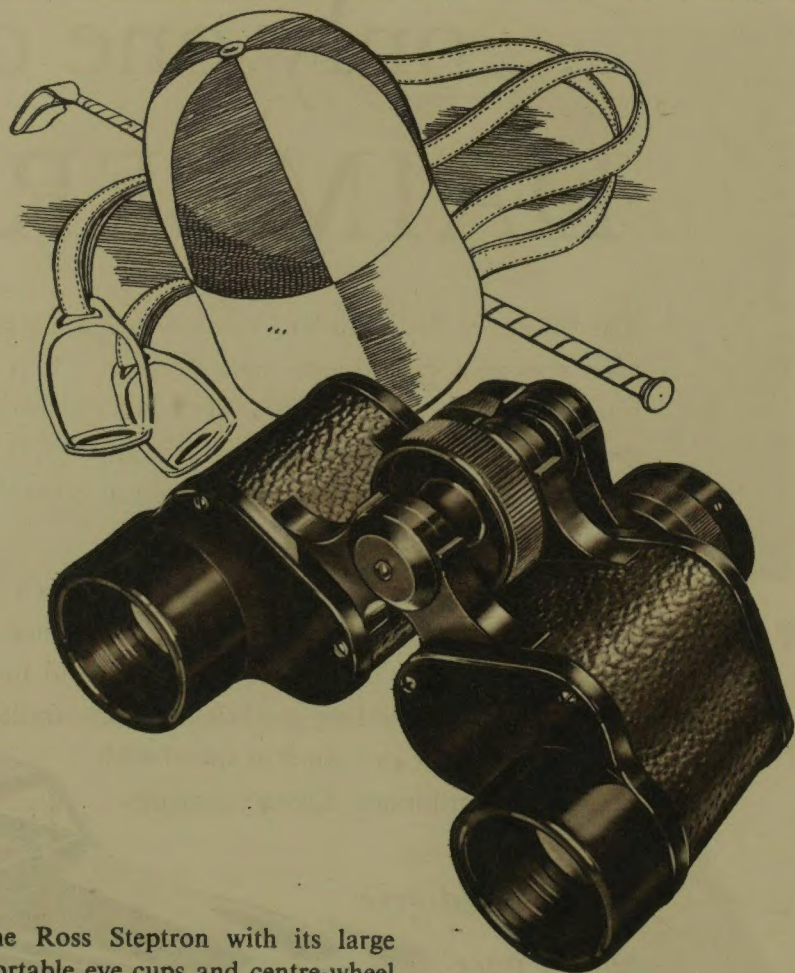


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17 jewel, gold plated model. Raised gilt figures on black dial £10.19.6.

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In the particular silence that descends when the bar has emptied a quiet voice edged with just a touch of envy said: *"Yours seems to be the name they keep on asking for."*

Is it true that they can tell you blindfolded?"

And the White Horse bottle with judicious

modesty replied: *"I think it is extremely possible. Blending, age, reputation, perhaps. But I'm talking far too much."*

The afternoon's sunlit silence remained unbroken until the colonel came in with his lady and said: *"Two large White Horse please."*

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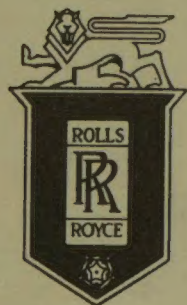
To-day, the blender has the scientist for company, not to supplant his inherited skill, but rather to protect and preserve it.

This care is amply repaid. All over the world, men recognize the personality of their favourite Scotch—Ballantine's—the superb Scotch.



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SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1955.



"THE BEGINNING OF A NEW EPOCH FOR AUSTRIA": THE REPRESENTATIVES OF BRITAIN, FRANCE, THE UNITED STATES, RUSSIA AND AUSTRIA AT THE SIGNING OF THE AUSTRIAN STATE TREATY ON MAY 15 IN THE BELVEDERE PALACE.

This photograph records a momentous event—the signing on May 15 of the State Treaty which ends ten years of military occupation in Austria, and restores her sovereignty—lost in 1938 when the Nazis seized power. From left to right are shown Mr. L. F. Thompson, Jr. (U.S. Ambassador to Austria); Mr. Dulles (U.S. Secretary of State); Mr. Ilyichev (Soviet Ambassador to Austria); Mr. Molotov (Soviet Foreign Minister); Dr. Figl (Austrian Foreign Minister); Mr. Harold Macmillan (British Foreign Secretary); Sir Geoffrey Wallinger (British Ambassador to Austria), and M. Antoine Pinay (French Foreign Minister) seated in the

Belvedere Palace, built in 1714 by Prince Eugene of Savoy, comrade-in-arms of the Duke of Marlborough, at a row of white-and-gold tables covered in cherry-red. After the signing, the Foreign Ministers made short speeches; and Dr. Figl thanked them for having put an end to a seventeen-year-long "thorny path of suppression." In his address Mr. Macmillan said: "To-day marks the beginning of a new epoch for Austria. It is a happy day for all of us. But for Austria it is also a day of challenge," and referred to the steady friendship felt by Britain for Austria. Aspects of the rejoicings in Vienna are illustrated elsewhere.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

EXCEPT for the spectacular display in public of ladies' limbs, nothing would have so astonished my father and the Englishmen of his generation, were they alive to-day, as the modern attitude towards taxation. Brought up to think about money and private property as they were, I do not see how they could even begin to understand it. The Victorian, and, for that matter, immemorial English attitude towards private property in which they and so many generations before them had been nursed was that a man should be free to do as he pleased with "his own." And what a man earned in free contract with his fellows or inherited from those with a free man's right to devise property, was regarded, sacrosanctly and beyond question, as "his own." The law protected him in it as strictly as it protected him in life and limb. And a Parliament which still in theory and practice represented property-owners—for until my father was in his sixties there was a property-qualification for the franchise—appeared no more likely to abrogate that right than it was to introduce slavery or the curfew into this proud, free and liberal country. Liberty and individual ownership, the right of the subject to spend or invest his money and enjoy and dispose of his possessions as he thought fit, was an inherent part of the unwritten constitution and law of the land. That taxes and rates might be imposed on the individual by his representatives in Parliament was, of course, universally accepted; it had been for seven centuries. Yet such taxes and rates, though compulsory, were thought of as just and reasonable payments by the taxpayer for the very real and valuable services performed for him by the State—for police and protection from law-breakers and foreign enemies, for the provisions of highways and sewers and public works, for consular and diplomatic representatives abroad, and other such blessings of an organised society. It was almost like buying necessities in a shop; one paid the State for them and received good and fair value in return for what one had bought. If one didn't receive it, one changed one's parliamentary representatives. The amount payable was never excessive, though it naturally rose in time of war. Until my father was a middle-aged man the standard rate of income tax was at no time more than 8d. in the pound, and super-tax or surtax was unknown.

To-day an entirely different conception prevails. The State is increasingly thought of, if not as the enjoyer—for how can the State, an insensate abstraction, enjoy?—as the rightful owner of all wealth. When in the annual Budget the Chancellor of the Exchequer announces proposals for remission of taxation, he does not speak of restoring to the tax-payer what my father would have thought of as the tax-payer's, but of giving him some kind of special State concession or benevolence. This is true even of Conservative Chancellors of the Exchequer. Those of the Socialist Party now apparently go much further and maintain that any remission of a rich man's taxation—even if he is paying 19s. or more in the pound—is an iniquitous robbery of the poor by the State. Indeed, complaint is usually made in Parliament if "nothing is done" in the Budget for those who do not pay any direct taxes at all. Taxation is regarded, not as a payment by the tax-payer for public services rendered, but as a means of fining the rich or comparatively rich and reducing their spending-power to that of their poorer neighbours. I am not sure that my father would have seen much logical difference between this attitude and Communism. I am certain that my grandfather wouldn't!

Whether this new attitude towards private property is just or unjust is a matter of opinion. What seems to me certain is, that, if it continues, it is going to change the traditional character of the British people and of the constitution under which they live. We are still to-day, both in a material and a spiritual sense, living on the private capital of the past. But in another twenty or thirty years, if present taxation trends continue, there will be no independent property-owners left at all except for a little minority of "wide boys," successful speculators and gamblers, whose acquisitive activities under our illogical fiscal system are not taxed at all. The effect of this is going to be that no one, save a very exceptional man, will be in a position to stand up to authority or to take an independent line over anything. It is easy enough to argue that the possession by one man of more economic independence than another is unjust, and it is easy to point to past abuses of the right and rights of private property. Yet without it I cannot see how in practice liberty can exist; there can only be Government and unquestioning obedience to Government. And since I do not believe that unquestioning

obedience to Government makes for either human progress or human happiness, I hold that a reasonable reduction of taxation, and with it the capacity of the individual to save and enjoy the fruits of superior effort, is a fundamental prerequisite of national well-being.

But, it will be said, there is no way to reduce taxation, because the revenue needed by the State is now so great that it is no longer compatible with the existence of any but the smallest individual incomes. Yet though much of the expenditure of the modern State may be necessary and unavoidable, a large part of it is the result of inefficient and wasteful spending, as anyone with experience of working with or in a Government office knows. And roughly a third of the money raised annually in direct taxation is devoted to paying interest on the National Debt. Here at least there seems a possible means of reducing the burden on the individual tax-payer. For while the repayment of capital lent to the State and of a reasonable and strictly limited interest on it is both just and sound economy, the payment of perpetual and unlimited interest on State-loans can be neither. For this reason, and because I detest high taxation and believe that it ultimately destroys the creativeness, independence and self-respect of any people that permanently submits to it, I should like to see the same limitation on perpetual interest on State-loans applied to the corporate creditor as is applied to the individual creditor. For if, in order to prevent the tax-payer—that is, the producer—from having to pay perpetual interest on money lent to the State, it is considered right to

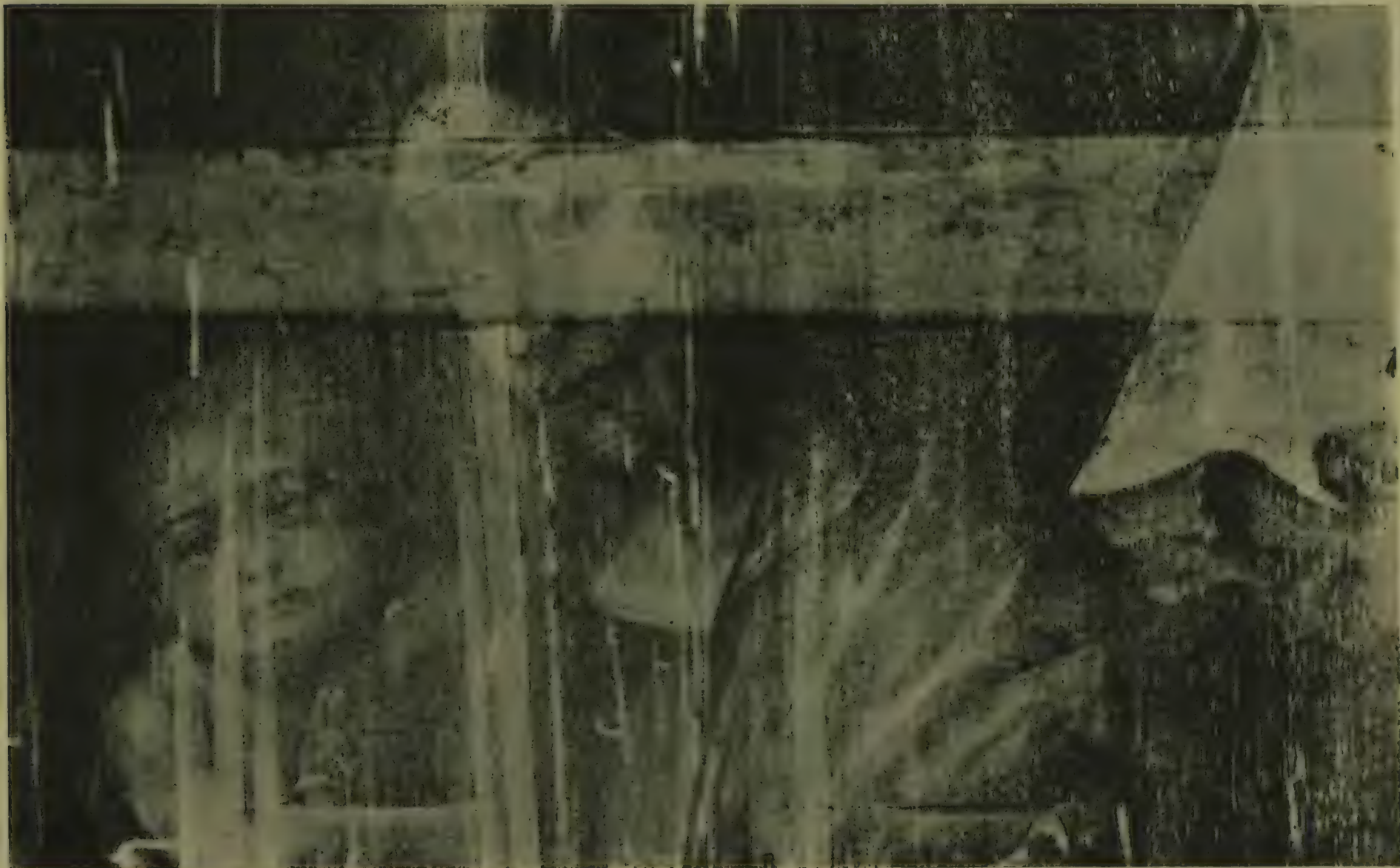
subject to a fine or death-duty in every generation the capital sum owed to the individual creditor, a similar periodic fine or reduction of the State's debt ought, in logic and justice, to be levied on the capital sum owed by the tax-payer to banking and other undying corporations, who together own such a large share of the capital and interest claims on the community that we call the National Debt. Just as the great Plantagenet statute of Mortmain was evoked to prevent the further mortgaging of the nation's productive earnings to undying corporations that, by virtue of never dying, escaped the feudal fines and services levied in each generation on the individual inheritor of the community's wealth, so I should like to see a new and twentieth-century Mortmain applied to those great modern corporations which, while performing, with the highest technical skill and integrity, the high public service of creating credit, lend the credit so created to the country, not like private individuals at a gradually diminishing and ultimately extinguishable interest, but at that historically impossible and ultimately self-destructive form of usury—for it always in the end provokes revolution or repudiation—perpetual interest. For while an individual loan to the State is automatically reduced in each generation and ultimately extinguished by the cumulative effect of death duties, a loan made to the community by a bank or other corporate institution is never subjected to any kind of capital tax or reduction at all. It remains, in one form or another—for periodic redemptions of such vast outstanding loans can only in practice be achieved at the expense of further borrowings—a perpetual interest-charge on the productive community and tax-payer. Some kind of

gradual and corrective modification in the tax-payer's favour of this principle, which has grown up entirely accidentally and almost unperceived in the past two-and-a-half centuries—and particularly and, on a gigantic scale, in the last four decades—would, in my humble, and perhaps mistaken, opinion, give as great a relief to the productive part of the community, and as great a consequent impetus to the creation of new wealth, as would the reduction of those vast and seemingly ever-growing administrative Departments of Government that constitute such a much more obvious load on the producer's back. I should like to make it clear that I have no wish whatever to abolish or bring under State ownership our banking and financial institutions. On the contrary, I have the highest admiration for them and for those who direct and serve them. After the three Fighting Services they seem to me to have a higher standard of professional integrity, efficiency and public worth than any other body of men in the country. Their disappearance or absorption into the Civil Service would be a national disaster of the first magnitude. It is, indeed, largely because I value their independence so highly and believe that in the end, without some modification of our existing practice, it will be taken away, that I should like to see a revival of this ancient and, as I think, wise English principle applied to the State-claims of these great and continuing corporate institutions.



"THE VIRGIN AND CHILD WITH AN ANGEL"; BY FRANCESCO FRANCIA (c. 1450-1517-8).
THE VERSION OWNED BY MR. KOETSER, NOW ESTABLISHED AS AN ORIGINAL WORK.
(SEE FACING PAGE.)

THE TWO FRANCIAS: THE NATIONAL GALLERY FORGERY EXPOSED BY X-RAYS.



DETAIL OF THE X-RADIOGRAPH OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY VERSION, FORMERLY ATTRIBUTED TO FRANCESCO FRANCA. THE "DIRECT" METHOD OF PAINTING HAS RESULTED IN LITTLE BEING RECORDED. STRUTS AT THE BACK OF THE PANEL ARE PROMINENT, AND FALSE CRAQUELURE IS SEEN IN THE LIGHT AREA ON THE RIGHT

THE problem of the National Gallery's Mond bequest, "Virgin and Child with an Angel," attributed to Francia, was raised last year when Mr. Leonard Koetser bought a version at Christie's and claimed it to be an original. X-radiographs have been made of the two works, and the National Gallery state that the Mond version is of comparatively modern date. Radiograph evidence is technical, but our photographs illustrate certain points. The National Gallery version, painted in the modern "direct" method (in which paint is applied thinly) has almost vanished in the X-radiograph; Mr. Koetser's version, painted in the early Italian method with forms built up by paint in layers, has given a clear X-radiograph. The *craquelure* of the National Gallery picture confirms "not only the comparative modernity of the Mond picture, but the probable intent to forge. There is no *craquelure* in the gesso ground... but on the ground were painted fine dark lines in the pattern of a *craquelure*. These were probably intended to speed the formation of the real *craquelure*... the cracks have been filled with dark paint to emphasise them." Mr. Koetser's version has perfect *craquelure*.



DETAIL OF THE X-RADIOGRAPH OF MR. KOETSER'S VERSION, NOW ESTABLISHED AS AN ORIGINAL. THE FIFTEENTH-CENTURY METHOD OF PAINTING, BY BUILDING UP THE FORMS THICKLY IN LAYERS OF PAINT, HAS ALLOWED THE RADIOGRAPH TO OBTAIN A CLEAR RECORD.

X-radiograph of the Mond version by courtesy of the Trustees of the National Gallery; X-radiograph of Mr. Koetser's version by courtesy of the Courtauld Institute.

FROM HOME AND ABROAD: SOME PEOPLE, BUILDINGS, AND A MEDAL IN THE NEWS.



WHERE THE U.S. EMBASSY IN MADRID IS NOW HOUSED: THE NEW AIR-CONDITIONED EIGHT-STORY BUILDING WHICH HAS AROUSED CONTROVERSY. On April 25 the United States Embassy in Madrid moved into its new eight-storey building, which took three years to build and is estimated to have cost over \$3,000,000. American and Spanish architects have co-operated in the building of the Embassy, which, among the modern structures in Madrid, has aroused most criticism. Some people have referred to it as a pocket edition of the United Nations skyscraper in New York. There are said to be over 700 American officials in Madrid.



REDECORATED FOR THE FIRST TIME FOR ABOUT SEVENTY YEARS: THE CHAPEL AT THE ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE AT GREENWICH, SHOWING A GENERAL INTERIOR VIEW.

When the Chapel of the Royal Naval College at Greenwich underwent a detailed examination last year it was found that redecoration was necessary. This has now been carried out as can be seen from this photograph. The Chapel was severely damaged by fire in 1779 and restored by James ("Athenian") Stuart, the original chapel having been built by Ripley to designs by Wren. It has statues and an altarpiece, representing St. Paul and the Viper, which are the work of Benjamin West.



VIENNESE CROWDS CHEER THE FOREIGN MINISTERS AND THEIR DELEGATIONS: THE SCENE IN THE BELVEDERE PALACE GARDENS, VIENNA, BEFORE THE SIGNING OF THE TREATY.



AFTER THE SIGNING OF THE AUSTRIAN TREATY: (L. TO R.) M. PINAY, MR. MOLOTOV, DR. FIGL, MR. DULLES AND MR. MACMILLAN ACKNOWLEDGING CHEERS.



THE ARMY TRIES CIVILIAN DRIVING TEACHERS: AN INSTRUCTOR DEMONSTRATING POINTS IN THE HIGHWAY CODE ON A MODEL AT THE ALDERSHOT TRAINING CENTRE. The War Office has appointed the British School of Motoring to train about 1000 National Servicemen based at Yeovil and Aldershot. This training programme will be carried out as an experiment over six months. During that period the same number of men will be trained by the Army, and comparisons of results and costs will be made.

Huge crowds assembled in the formal gardens of the Belvedere Palace on May 15, before the Foreign Ministers and their delegations arrived for the ceremony of signing the Austrian State Treaty, and their arrival was greeted by cheers. After the signing, M. Pinay, Mr. Molotov, Dr. Figl and Mr. Macmillan (the French, Russian, Austrian and British Foreign Ministers) came out on a balcony of the Palace and were greeted with great enthusiasm. Cheering continued for over an hour, and the Foreign Ministers and Herr Raab, the Austrian Chancellor, were repeatedly called out, both singly and together, while flags, handkerchiefs and hats were waved.



IN SILVER AND BEARING AN EFFIGY OF THE QUEEN ON THE OBVERSE: THE AFRICA GENERAL SERVICE MEDAL BEARING THE CLASP "KENYA."

The effigy of her Majesty on the obverse of the Africa General Service Medal bearing the clasp "Kenya" was designed by Mrs. Mary Gillick. The reverse design, by G. de Saulles, is, except for the inscription, similar to that used in 1899 for the East and Central Africa Medal, and has been used on the Africa General Service Medal since its institution. The ribbon is yellow, two narrow green stripes are superimposed, and there are black stripes at the edges.



A YEAR AND SIX DAYS AFTER: THREE GREAT ATHLETES LOOKING AT A PLAQUE COMMEMORATING ROGER BANNISTER'S IMMORTAL MILE RUN AT IFFLEY ROAD, OXFORD, ON MAY 6, 1954.

On May 12 a plaque was unveiled at Oxford which reads: "O.U.A.C. On this track on May 6, 1954, ROGER GILBERT BANNISTER, Exeter College, President O.U.A.C. 1948-1949, ran one mile in 3 minutes 59.4 seconds thus becoming the first man to run one mile in less than four minutes." The athletes are (l. to r.) Chris Chataway, Roger Bannister and Chris Brasher.



AWARDED A HIGHLY-COMMENDED ROSETTE: H.M. THE QUEEN'S PONY *WILLIAM*, RIDDEN BY MISS JULIET HORDER, DAUGHTER OF THE ROYAL STUD GROOM.



WATCHING THE JUDGING OF THE EVENT IN WHICH *WILLIAM* WAS ENTERED: THE QUEEN WITH THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND PRINCESS ANNE AND (R.) THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.



A SPLENDID DISPLAY, ALWAYS A FEATURE OF THE ROYAL WINDSOR HORSE SHOW: THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY CARRYING OUT THEIR MUSICAL RIDE, WITH, IN THE BACKGROUND, WINDSOR CASTLE.



THE FIRST WOMEN'S SERVICES TEAM TO COMPETE FOR THE QUEEN'S CHALLENGE CUP: WRENS ALLISON KERR, ELIZABETH LYNE AND CADET WREN J. NICHOLS (MOUNTED; L. TO R.), AND THE NON-RIDING CAPTAIN, 2ND OFFICER E. SCOTT, COMMAND EDUCATION OFFICER, LEE-ON-SOLENT.



PRESENTING HER CHALLENGE CUP FOR INTER-SERVICES JUMPING TO MAJOR D. P. H. DYSON, OF THE KING'S TROOP "A" TEAM, R.H.A., WHICH WON IT: H.M. THE QUEEN.

THE ROYAL WINDSOR HORSE SHOW: THE QUEEN, THE DUKE AND THEIR CHILDREN; EVENTS AND COMPETITORS.

In spite of uncertain weather, the Royal Windsor Horse Show, in the splendid setting of the Home Park—one of the most popular of the great equine events of the season—was as enjoyable and interesting as ever; and was honoured by two visits from its patron, her Majesty the Queen. She and the Duke of Edinburgh saw the floodlit evening session on May 13, and her Majesty was present on May 14 to see The King's Troop R.H.A. "A" team win her cup in the Inter-Services Jumping

Competition. She presented the trophy to Major Dyson, who, with Sergeant Amer on *Water Music* and Lieut. Pettifer on *Heavy Weather*, made up the team. Major Dyson rode *Water Gipsy*. There were seventeen entrants, including one from the W.R.N.S. The R.A.F. team, which included one woman officer, was second. The Queen and the Duke brought their children, the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne, to see the Royal pony *William* compete in the children's pony class.

THE INVASION OF FRANCE BY EDWARD III.

"The Crecy War. A Military History of the Hundred Years War from 1337 to the Peace of Bretigny, 1360"; by Lieut.-Col. Alfred H. Burne, D.S.O., F.R. Hist. S."

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

"THE HUNDRED YEARS WAR" has always seemed to me a very slack name for the series of conflicts between France and England in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. For there was no continuity about it. Nobody speaks of the modern struggles between France and Germany as constituting "The Seventy-Five Years War." In a sense, the whole of recorded human history might be described as "The Five Thousand Years War," but things wouldn't be much clarified thereby. "The Hundred Years War," says Colonel Burne, in introducing the latest of his learned, just and lucid books, "was, in all but name, four wars. The first was the invasion of France by Edward III.; the second saw the almost total expulsion of the English; the third was the war of Henry V.; the fourth resulted in the loss of all our territories in France except Calais. This book chronicles, in its military aspect, the first of these wars, from 1337 to 1360, terminating in the Peace of Bretigny. This war possesses no name, so I have been obliged to coin one, and have fixed upon 'The Crecy War,' which at least is self-explanatory, as every historical title should be."

It is an extraordinary thing, as Colonel Burne points out, that "no soldier, French or English, has hitherto written a history of this war"—which applies also to the so-called Hundred Years War as a whole—attention having been almost entirely devoted to the three notable battles of Crecy, Poitiers and Agincourt: all, for obvious reasons, popular objects of contemplation in this country. Yet the Crecy War, which had a definite termination at the Peace of Bretigny (the peace was short, because the French King unexpectedly died), had a single aim—the abolition of the homage due from the English King for his inherited dominions in France—and it was continuous and coherent. It was, from the English point of view, waged with almost unparalleled success, and it saw many developments in warfare. At Crecy, cannon (three of them, but they were a start) were first used in the field; there were developments in the use of dismounted cavalry on certain terrains; and in the use of archers with the long-bow, trained to a new pitch of accuracy and disposed of in a novel way. Beyond this Colonel Burne maintains, contrary to the general view, that Edward III., besides having courage and cunning, was an outstanding strategist.

That may, I suppose, continue to be a subject for argument: his favourite device of launching several attacks from different sections of his exterior lines may have been a gamble which succeeded partly

because of the incompetence, indecision and inferior mobility of his opponents. Had he been faced, even in those days of poor communications (not that his communications by sea were very good, ships being what they were then), with a commander of the Napoleonic breed, things might have gone very differently, and we should have had lectures on the great advantages of interior lines. Be that as it may,

and clash, that it is hard to find them so ruthlessly questioned. He is even quietly laughed at for the persistent way (I must admit I have long wondered at it myself) in which he puts into the forefront of so many important scenes his fellow-Hainaulter, Sir Walter Manny. However, he has to be drawn on a good deal. And it must be remembered that he was only a small boy when the war began, and that the

later portions of his Chronicle, dealing with events to which he was more closely privy, would probably stand close enquiry better—Richard II., for example, comes convincingly to life in his pages.

The skill of the British commanders (whose names, Colonel Burne suggests, would be better known had Shakespeare written a play, or plays, about Edward III.) and the stoutness of the English soldiery (largely a professional army) may rouse our pride even to-day; their feats certainly helped in solidifying the nation and arousing the national consciousness. But a brooding mind could get little satisfaction in contemplating the issues of the war, its ultimate results, or the manner in which it was waged.

Edward claimed the French throne on the grounds that the Salic Law did not operate; the French King differed. The French King maintained the cause of a candidate for the Duchy of Brittany, on the ground that the Salic Law did not operate there; the English King said that it did. One said that sauce for the goose wasn't sauce for the gander; the other that sauce for the gander wasn't sauce for the goose. At this distance it seems quite obvious that France, through force of geography, was bound to be one whole and independent. At that time nobody doubted the correctness of passing whole provinces over with the hand of a bride, or the indefeasible right of a ruler to treat refractory subjects as he liked, and to be merciless to opponents who did not surrender when they should, or captives who could not afford ransoms. The author doubts whether Edward ever really intended to hang the Burghers of Calais (after all, it would be politic to win the sympathies of the inhabitants of a territory which he proposed to retain); he did disapprove of wholesale damage and

burnings, and an official, writing home, said "much of the town [Carentan] was burnt, for all the King could do." But when Caen was taken, after refusing to surrender, 2000 Frenchmen were killed and looting was widespread; and the Black Prince, in his great swoop from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean and back, needed no coaching in the art of scorching other people's earth.

Modern readers may take the poor consolation that the story would have shocked them a great deal more had they read it fifty years ago.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 940 of this issue.

A NOTABLE PORTRAIT GROUP IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



"AFTER THE CONFERENCE: THE PENGUIN EDITORS"; BY RODRIGO MOYNIHAN, R.A.

Mr. Rodrigo Moynihan's group "After the Conference" consists of life-size portraits of the nineteen editors of Penguin Books, founded in 1936 by Sir Allen Lane. Copyright reserved for the owners by "The Royal Academy Illustrated."



KEY TO THE PAINTING "AFTER THE CONFERENCE."

- (1) Dr. E. V. Rieu (Classics); (2) Sir Allen Lane (Founder and Director); (3) J. E. Morpurgo (History); (4) R. B. Fishenden (Technical); (5) W. E. Williams (Editor-in-Chief); (6) Richard Linn (Director); (7) Noel Carrington (Puffin Picture Books); (8) Miss E. E. Frost (Executive Editor); (9) A. W. Haslett (Science News); (10) A. S. B. Glover (Executive Editor); (11) Professor C. A. Mace (Psychology); (12) Michael Abercrombie (New Biology); (13) Dr. N. Pevsner (Penguin History of Art; King Penguins); (14) Dr. Gordon Jacob (Music Scores); (15) Professor A. J. Ayer (Philosophy); (16) Miss M. L. Johnson (New Biology); (17) Miss Eleanor Graham (Puffin Story Books); (18) Professor Max Mallowan (Archaeology); (19) John Lehmann (New Writing).

the author's story is very well told, and his accounts of separate battles (Morlaix, for example, a most interesting one which is seldom mentioned) are clear and convincing, none the less so because he has, in many instances, personally examined the scenes of action. And he is extremely careful about his sources. Lovers of Froissart's Chronicles may be a little saddened by the total lack of faith which Colonel Burne shows in him, except when his statements are confirmed by other evidence. Froissart's panoramic pictures, derived partly from his own observation and partly from the tales of old soldiers, are so bright and clear and full of visible pageantry, and challenge,

* "The Crecy War. A Military History of the Hundred Years War from 1337 to the Peace of Bretigny, 1360." By Lieut.-Colonel Alfred H. Burne, D.S.O., F.R.Hist.Soc. Illustrated. (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 30s.)

A MODERN TRAIN AND NEW RIVER STEAMER, DISASTERS OF THE SEA AND AIR, AND RIOTS IN SINGAPORE.



(ABOVE.) THE LATEST ADDITION TO THE PARIS RIVER STEAMERS: THE NEW *JEAN SEBASTIAN* MAKING HER MAIDEN VOYAGE AND APPROACHING NOTRE DAME.

During the warmer months of the year, river steamers—or as they are often called *bateaux-mouches* (fly-boats)—are a constant and popular feature of the Seine at Paris, patronised alike by tourists and Parisians. The *Jean Sebastian*, here shown making her maiden voyage with a party of invited guests, is the latest and most modern of them, stream-lined and glass-canopied. She has a first-class restaurant and a small dance floor.

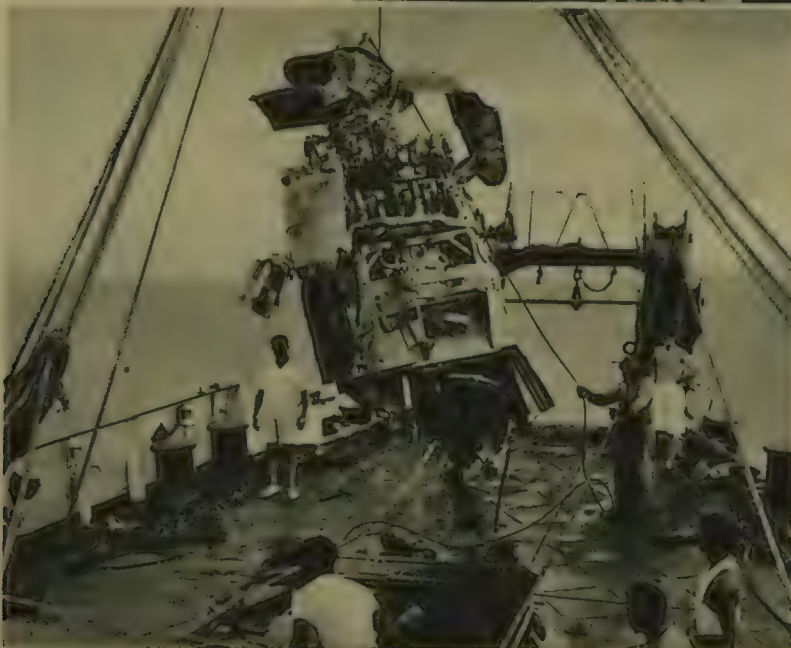
(RIGHT.) A NEW ARTICULATED TRAIN FOR A U.S. RAILWAY: (ABOVE) FOUR SECTIONS ON A CURVING TRACK; AND (BELOW) LOOKING DOWN THE INTERIOR OF THREE SECTIONS ON A BEND OF THE TRACK.

This articulated train, consisting of four continuous sections and loco, was recently demonstrated in the United States by the American Car and Foundry Company. It appears to be of the same type as that built by the same company for the Spanish National Railways to run on a regular service between Madrid and Hendaye. It was designed specifically as a light-weight train capable of safely and comfortably negotiating at high speed curves which are normally subject to speed restrictions. The train has a very low centre of gravity; and a pair of sprung wheels under each flexible link.



(RIGHT.) IN THE MOMENT OF DISASTER—CAPTURED BY THE CAMERA: CHILDREN AND OTHER PASSENGERS OF THE JAPANESE FERRY *SHIUN MARU* JUMPING INTO THE SEA.

Early in the morning of May 11, the Japanese railway ferry-boat, *Shiun Maru* (1500 tons), carrying about 354 school-children in a total passenger list of about 1000, collided in fog with another ferry in the Inland Sea between Takamatsu and Uno, near Shikoku. In this, the second major Japanese ferry-boat disaster in recent months, the *Shiun Maru* sank within two minutes; and the first death-roll—an estimate of 65 drowned and 22 missing—was amended on May 12 to 135 lost, including a very large number of children, who were taking part in an excursion. Our photograph was taken by a passenger in the other ferry-boat.



SALVAGING PART OF THE WRECKAGE OF THE AIR INDIA CONSTELLATION AIRCRAFT, *KASHMIR PRINCESS*: THE BRITISH SALVAGE VESSEL, H.M.S. *BARFORD*. The wrecked engine of the Air India aircraft which crashed off Sarawak on April 11 was later retrieved by the British salvage vessel H.M.S. *Barford*, 750 tons. It will be examined to discover the cause of the crash, in which Chinese Communist officials and journalists were killed.



STRUGGLING PICKETS BEATEN BACK BY POLICE AT THE BUS DEPÔT GATES DURING THE SAVAGE RIOTS IN SINGAPORE. THE TRANSPORT STRIKERS WERE JOINED BY STUDENT GANGS. Serious rioting broke out in Singapore on May 12 when police used hoses and batons to disperse transport strikers blocking the exit from a Chinese bus company's depot. Hundreds of Chinese students joined the strikers in attacking the police, and in the violent rioting which ensued four people were killed and many others injured.

ROYAL OCCASIONS, DR. GRAHAM'S LONDON CRUSADE, AND A NEWLY DISCOVERED WALL-PAINTING.



FOUND DURING THE DEMOLITION OF BROOKE HOUSE, HACKNEY: A LATE FIFTEENTH-CENTURY OR EARLY SIXTEENTH-CENTURY WALL-PAINTING. During the demolition of Brooke House, Hackney, London, this late fifteenth- or early sixteenth-century wall-painting was discovered. The large figure in the painting carries the double patriarchal cross associated with the Patriarch of Jerusalem, Patron of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, who consecrated the Church of Clerkenwell Priory, headquarters of the Order in England.



THE QUEEN WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT EPSOM COLLEGE: SCHOOLBOYS PHOTOGRAPHING HER MAJESTY AS SHE WALKED THROUGH THE GROUNDS WITH MR. H. W. F. FRANKLIN, THE HEADMASTER.

On May 13 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh visited Epsom College, which is celebrating its centenary this year. The Royal visitors inspected the buildings and grounds, planted trees, watched a rehearsal of "Twelfth Night" and a gymnastic display, and listened to choir practice in the chapel. Cheers greeted the headmaster's announcement that it was "the Queen's pleasure that one week be added to the school holidays in the immediate future." Some photographs of Epsom College appeared in our issue of May 14.



WITH HER EYES BLINDFOLDED: PRINCESS ALEXANDRA BEING LED BY A GUIDE DOG DURING HER VISIT TO LEAMINGTON. On May 14 Princess Alexandra visited the training centre at Leamington Spa of the Guide Dogs for the Blind Association, of which she is president. The Princess was blindfolded and then led by Trudie, a golden labrador, through an avenue of obstacles. In the kennels she saw some of the dogs in various stages of training and screening for suitability.



THE OPENING OF DR. BILLY GRAHAM'S ONE-WEEK CRUSADE IN LONDON: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE AT WEMBLEY STADIUM ON MAY 14.

Dr. Billy Graham, the American evangelist, opened his one-week crusade at Wembley on May 14. A crowd of some 70,000 heard Dr. Graham's sermon and over 3000 people responded to his plea "to come forward to make their decision for Christ."



AT THE 75TH ANNIVERSARY BANQUET OF THE INSTITUTE OF CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS: SOME OF THE GUESTS BEING PRESENTED TO THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

The Duke of Edinburgh was the guest of honour at the 75th anniversary banquet of the Institute of Chartered Accountants in England and Wales at Guildhall on May 9. In an amusing speech, the Duke spoke of the duties of chartered accountants and paid tribute to the services which they render to the public, and to the Institute, which has done so much for the profession.



GIVEN TO THE ROYAL CHILDREN BY THE CARAVAN CLUB OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND: A COMPLETELY EQUIPPED MODEL CARAVAN.

The Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne lost no time in trying out a completely equipped model caravan which was presented to them at Buckingham Palace on May 10. The caravan is 6 ft. 9 ins. long and 4 ft. 2 ins. wide. Inside are two beds, a writing-desk, bookcase, a kitchen cabinet and kitchen complete with model hot-plate, sink, drainer and water pump.



THE BRITISH FOREIGN SECRETARY, WHO, SINCE HIS APPOINTMENT IN APRIL, HAS DEALT WITH EVENTS OF INCALCULABLE IMPORT :
MR. HAROLD MACMILLAN, WHO ARRANGED TO SIGN THE AUSTRIAN TREATY ON MAY 15.

Mr. Harold Macmillan, who succeeded Sir Anthony Eden as Foreign Secretary when the Government was reconstituted in April, has, since his appointment, dealt with diplomatic events of immense importance. He attended the meeting in Paris of the Ministerial Council of N.A.T.O. on May 9 at which Germany was formally inducted as the fifteenth member of the Organisation. The meeting of the Western Foreign Ministers in Paris on the same day was historic; for agreement was then reached to invite Russia to a Four-Power Conference; and as soon as

President Eisenhower's agreement to this being at "summit level" had been obtained, the invitation was despatched to Moscow and accepted. Mr. Macmillan arranged to sign the Austrian Treaty in Vienna for the U.K. on May 15, and it was expected that the Western proposal for the meeting of the four-Power heads of States would then be discussed by the Foreign Ministers. Mr. Macmillan, appointed Minister of Defence in 1954, was previously Minister of Housing. He is a man of outstanding character and brilliance, and a first-class administrator.

Camera portrait by Gaby.

THE conference or "conversations" which took place in Paris before the N.A.T.O. Council meeting had several important subjects to discuss, some of which lay outside Europe. The outstanding question was, however, that of approach to Russia and the method by which it should be conducted. The background to this subject was largely filled by Germany. For the first time the representatives of the Federal Republic (Western Germany), including Dr. Adenauer, attended international conversations as representatives of a sovereign Power. Western Germany had ended the long tutelage and could speak as an equal through the mouths of its Ministers. This was, from that point of view, a great occasion for the Chancellor and for those, most of all Sir Anthony Eden, though he was not present in person, who had toiled toward this end. Yet, as has so often happened in contemporary international politics, this welcome step had led to a position in which new difficulties had to be faced. Some of them were to be found not in Russia but within Western Germany itself.

On May 7 a significant event took place, the formal inauguration of Western European Union. This brought Western Germany into partnership with the former Brussels Treaty Powers (the United Kingdom, France, and the Benelux States of Belgium, the Netherlands, and Luxembourg) in an organisation linked to that of N.A.T.O. This also was welcome. Yet the slight shadows which fell upon the meeting just touched this achievement also. Representatives of N.A.T.O. and the N.A.T.O. countries could have not the slightest doubt of the sincerity and determination of the German Chancellor, but they felt a certain anxiety about his power to keep Western Germany on the road on which he had been leading it. Would the bait dangled before the eyes of its people from the eastern flank prove too tempting? Would it lead them to compel their Government to slip out of its undertakings to N.A.T.O. and fall in with the Russian suggestion that it should adopt a system of neutrality?

The other side was active also. On the day the meeting took place the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet formally annulled the Anglo-Soviet and Franco-Soviet Treaties of alliance, the former of which dated from 1942, and the latter from 1944. This action was unilateral and out of order, since the notice necessary for denunciation was not given. Only a few days later Soviet Russia began the conference at Warsaw, the main object of which was the setting-up of a unified military command in Eastern Europe. It has been said that the project is "an eastern N.A.T.O.", but the means of attaining it are very different. There are no long delays over ratification of treaties in Communist States. It could, in all probability, start to function within a matter of weeks. There have been suggestions that the satellite forces might be organised in two groups: one of Poland, Eastern Germany, and Czechoslovakia facing the West; the other of the rest of the satellites turned towards the Balkan alliance.

The German action over the Anglo-Soviet and Franco-Soviet Treaties was a reply to the signature of those of London and Paris. Those who believe that nothing but hydrogen bombs count in war should note how great has been the anxiety in Russia over the prospect of the West German Government becoming free, with power to defend itself and form its own associations. The progress to ratification was opposed tooth and nail, and cajolery directed to both France and Germany was mingled with some ugly threats. And even after the ratification Russia has not ceased her efforts, though these are now almost exclusively directed against Western Germany. Russia has one very strong card in her hand. The reunification of Germany is the dearest wish of all but an insignificant fraction of the population of Western Germany, and probably of Eastern also. This cannot take place without Russian assent. And Russia can make even her condition look like a boon, as diminishing the threat of war and avoiding the burden of armament.

As I wrote a fortnight ago, though Austria is to be congratulated on the good prospects of an early treaty, and though the West will be delighted to see one signed, it would be unrealistic not to look at the propagandist implications also. The Russian approach to an Austrian treaty seems to be in part an exposition of how simple and painless such a business may be when dealing with such amiable and accommodating people as the Soviet Government. Is this not yet another move in the wheeling of German opinion? If neutrality is good for Austria and welcome to her, why should it not suit Germany too? And how

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE EUROPEAN CHESSBOARD.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

splendid would be the advantages thrown in! Withdrawal of Soviet forces on the eastern side and N.A.T.O. forces on the western, with perhaps a proviso that the American should quit Europe altogether—would not all this improve the prospects of peace? It is on the face of it a tempting proposal.

Russia would also come to a four-Power conference with a bargaining counter. She could announce that she was willing to abandon her "eastern N.A.T.O.", at least as far as Eastern Germany was concerned. She might not be in fact giving much away, since there is good reason for her to doubt the reliability of Eastern Germany as an ally. The gesture would, none the less, wear an attractive air. As regards the satellites, it is not clear that the Warsaw Conference would make

a genuine moral reluctance to rearm.

When the conversations were in progress in Paris *The Times* remarked that "a great central nation of sixty-seven million cannot be kept permanently uncommitted." This is assuredly the case as matters stand. In a world in which military alliances were not a necessity the thing might be a possibility. Before such a world can come into being the free nations will have to be convinced of the sincerity of the more accommodating attitude recently assumed by Soviet Russia. They must be sure that it is not just a temporary expedient adopted to give time to catch up in the development of thermo-nuclear weapons. They must have sound reason to believe that it is not designed to achieve a settlement by means of which

it will be possible to permeate Germany with Communism and establish closer links with French Communism. They lack any such assurances now. There has been no hint of liberating the satellites.

The other principal subject with which the Paris conversations were concerned was the nature of the approach to Russia. In his broadcast on May 7, the Prime Minister said: "We are anxious to meet at any level—the heads of Governments or Foreign Secretaries. I expect they will both be needed." However, the British Government preferred to put first a meeting of the heads of Governments. The first reaction in the United States was amusing to us—and probably to a good many people on the other side of the Atlantic too: it was that the procedure smacked of electioneering. Can it be that the critics had forgotten their own not so very recent electioneering record? The fact remains that the chief merit of holding first a meeting at the highest level, to which the President has now agreed, is moral. Except from the moral point of view—or the electioneering, if our American friends insist—the order in which the two kinds of meeting are held is probably not of the highest importance.

The rôle of a meeting of the heads of Governments is to deal with general principles, and, if a Foreign Ministers' meeting has been held first, to tackle the agreements and differences between the Foreign Ministers. The danger of a meeting of heads of Governments is reliance on formulas which are found not to meet the case when they are appealed to. The danger of a Foreign Ministers' meeting is that of the proceedings becoming stuck in bureaucratic and departmental morasses. At the time of writing it looks as though there might be a brief meeting at the higher level and that then the Foreign Ministers would be left to get on with the detailed work. There can be no doubt that a meeting of the heads of Governments is likely to make a strong impression on the world. This is a good thing, so long as too much is not expected.

At the risk of being dubbed a pessimistic reactionary, I would suggest that the sort of settlement which would give the world a firm assurance of future peace may not be secured this summer. That, however, is not to say that a four-Power conference will be a waste of time, or, indeed, that it will fail to achieve useful results. It will be a delicate business to negotiate. One factor of great importance is political: the danger of discouraging the smaller western European nations which are members of N.A.T.O. I was deeply impressed in the course of foreign visits last year by the prestige which N.A.T.O. enjoyed among

them. It is most necessary that they should not be made to feel themselves disillusioned. A second is military: withdrawal of bases from German soil would weaken N.A.T.O. seriously, and it must be doubted whether the breaking of contact between the military forces of Soviet Russia and of N.A.T.O. would provide adequate compensation.

Another factor points in the opposite direction. For the nations of N.A.T.O. no conceivable false step could be more disastrous at this moment than that of creating a belief in Western Germany that they were blocking German reunion in order to provide themselves with further military support. These three considerations will be in the minds of those who bear the deep responsibility for the negotiations. None of the problems which have confronted the statesmen of the West in recent years have called for higher wisdom and skill.

THE EFFECT OF ATOMIC EXPLOSIONS ON HUMAN BEINGS.



ARRIVING IN AMERICA FOR FREE MEDICAL TREATMENT: SOME OF A PARTY OF TWENTY-FIVE JAPANESE GIRLS WHO SUFFERED FACIAL INJURIES IN THE HIROSHIMA EXPLOSION.



THE PROTECTIVE VALUE OF WHITE AGAINST ATOMIC EXPLOSION BURNS: PART OF A DUMMY USED IN "DOOMTOWN" WITH BURNS ON "HER" ARM THROUGH THE BLACK DOTS ON THE DRESS MATERIAL.

The result of atomic bomb explosions on human beings in the danger area of the detonation was shown by lasting injuries sustained by survivors of the Hiroshima atomic bomb of 1945. A party of twenty-five Japanese girls who suffered severe facial disfigurement at Hiroshima reached New York recently for a free course of plastic surgery. Their trip has been financed privately, and Mount Sinai Hospital is providing all facilities while, during the course of treatment, which is to last a year, they will be guests in private houses. Much important information has been gained on the result of nuclear explosions from the experiment known as "Operation Cue," when a nuclear device of great power was detonated in the Nevada desert. As recorded in our last week's issue, a dummy town, "Doomtown," peopled with dummy "inhabitants," was built for the purpose. It was found that figures with fair hair, dressed in white garments, suffered less than those with dark hair wearing dark clothes. In the case of the dummy of a girl in a white dress patterned with black spots, the arms were burnt in spots through the patterned dots and unhurt under the white part of the material.



WITH THE WHITE SHIRT UNHARMED, DARK TIE BURNED AND FACE BLISTERED: A DUMMY OF "DOOMTOWN" AS IT APPEARED AFTER THE ATOMIC EXPLOSION OF MAY 5 IN THE NEVADA DESERT TESTING GROUND.

any great difference to their status. They are at present bound to carry out all Russian behests, and their armed forces are already virtually under Russian orders—those of Poland may be said to be completely so. Whether Soviet Russia would at the same time entertain projects for disarmament, which would certainly be put forward by the West at a four-Power conference, is a matter of guess-work. It is not altogether out of the question.

While he was in Paris Dr. Adenauer denied a story which was going the rounds in that talkative capital that, if the occupying forces on both sides were withdrawn, the Federal Republic would renounce its connection with N.A.T.O. No one can doubt that, so far as he is concerned, everything will be done to avoid such a step. Yet this is a policy which appeals not only to his political opponents in his own country, but also draws longing sighs from some of his own

THE RAPIDLY CHANGING WORLD POLITICAL PICTURE : EVENTS AND MEETINGS IN ENGLAND AND ABROAD.



(RIGHT.) THE UNVEILING OF THE MEMORIAL TO MR. ERNEST BEVIN IN DOCKLAND: MR. ATTLEE PAYING TRIBUTE TO "THIS GREAT STATESMAN AND GREAT FRIEND."

A memorial to Mr. Ernest Bevin (1881-1951), the great labour leader, was unveiled by Dame Florence Bevin on May 9. It stands in a paved garden near Tower Bridge, and consists of a bronze bust on a Portland stone pedestal. Mr. Attlee spoke in tribute to this "great statesman and great friend"; and Sir Rupert de la Bère, Mr. A. J. Kemp, chairman of the docks group of the T.G.W.U., and others also spoke.



TRADE AGREEMENT BETWEEN CHINA AND JAPANESE BUSINESS ORGANISATIONS: MR. LEI-JEN-MIN (LEFT) AND MR. SHOZO MURATA.

After delays and hitches, a trade agreement negotiated between a Communist Chinese delegation and representatives of a Japanese business organisation was signed in Tokyo on May 4 by Mr. Lei-Jen-Min, Chinese Vice-Minister for Foreign Trade, and Mr. Shozo Murata, Chairman of the Japanese Council for the Promotion of International Trade, who are shown exchanging the signed documents. The agreement is worth £30,000,000 each way.



GREETING A MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN MILITARY ASSISTANCE ADVISORY GROUP: GENERAL AND MME. CHIANG KAI-SHEK AT AN ANNIVERSARY RECEPTION. General and Mme. Chiang Kai-shek held a reception at Government House, Formosa, in honour of the members of the American Military Assistance Advisory Group in Formosa, on the occasion of the fourth anniversary of its formation in May 1951.



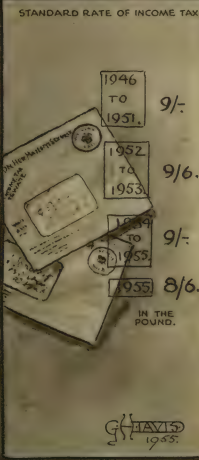
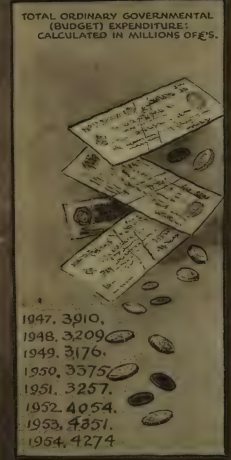
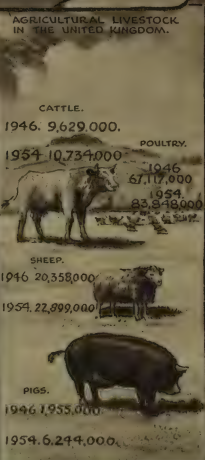
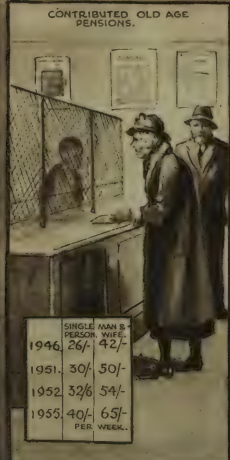
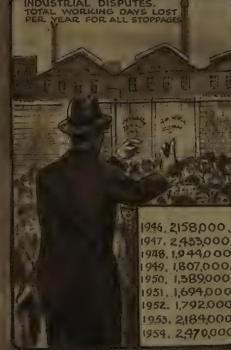
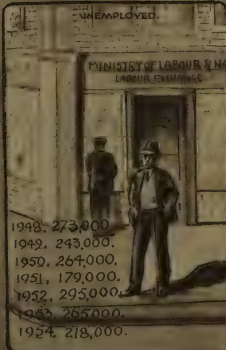
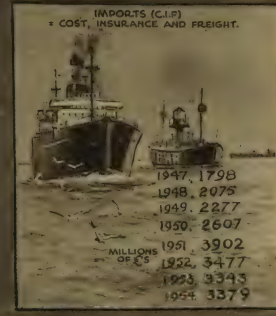
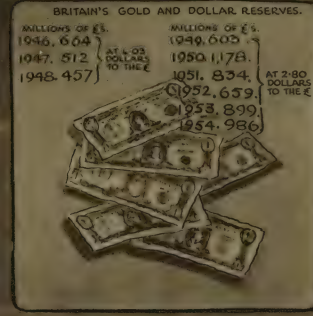
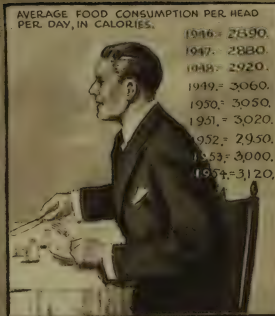
THE NEW ITALIAN PRESIDENT INAUGURATED: SIGNOR GRONCHI (CENTRE) SHAKING HANDS WITH SIGNOR EINAUDI (RIGHT). IMMEDIATELY BEHIND HIM ARE SIGNOR MERZAGORA AND SIGNOR SCALBA. Signor Giovanni Gronchi, second elected President of Italy and successor to Signor Einaudi, took the constitutional oath of loyalty to the Republic and the Constitution at a Joint Session of both Houses of Parliament on May 11, and then addressed the Senators and Deputies. Signor Merzagora, President of the Senate, original official candidate of the Christian Democrats, gracefully withdrew his candidature to avoid the danger of a party split.



THE WARSAW CONFERENCE: (L. TO R.) MARSHAL KONIEV; MR. MOLOTOV, SOVIET FOREIGN MINISTER; MARSHAL BULGANIN, SOVIET HEAD OF STATE; AND MARSHAL ZHUKOV, SOVIET DEFENCE MINISTER. Much interest has been roused by the comments made by Marshal Bulganin when speaking at the Warsaw Security Conference of the Countries of the Eastern bloc, with reference to a conference of Heads of the Governments of the Four Powers. He said the Soviet Government had a "positive attitude" towards the idea of a conference of the Great Powers, provided that it would really contribute to the lessening of international tension and the improvement of international relations.



GERMANY BECOMES THE FIFTEENTH MEMBER OF N.A.T.O.: DR. ADENAUER, THE FEDERAL CHANCELLOR, ADDRESSING THE MEETING IN PARIS ON MAY 9. Dr. Adenauer addressed the meeting of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation on May 9, at which Germany became the fifteenth member of the Organisation. Speaking with deep emotion, he said: "To-day everywhere in Germany peace and freedom are felt to be the greatest treasures, as was true in the best periods of her history." Personal tributes were paid to Dr. Adenauer by the Foreign Ministers.



VITAL FIGURES BEHIND THE ELECTION: OFFICIAL STATISTICS ON THE STATE OF THE COUNTRY, IN A

Statistics are notoriously dangerous weapons, and the same figures can be used to prove diametrically opposite propositions. Nevertheless, good and sound figures do provide the basic index of the way the world—or the country—is going. On the eve of an election statistics play an unwelcome part in private conversation and public oratory when political party records are up for challenge. For the benefit

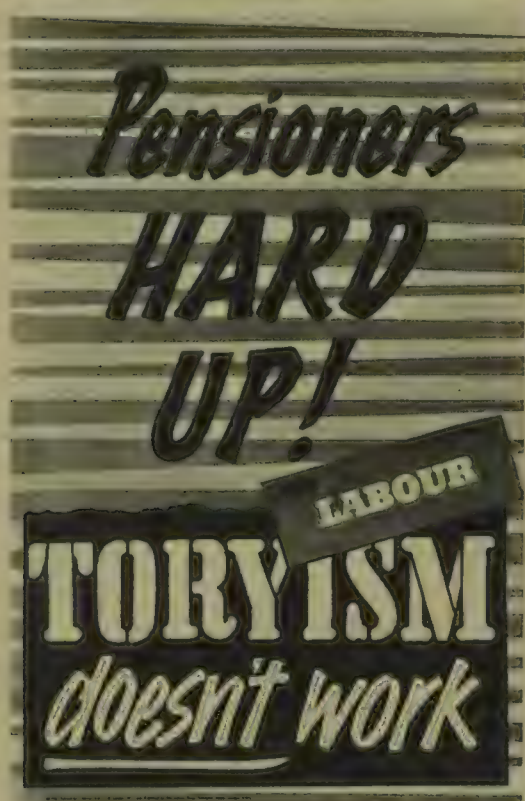
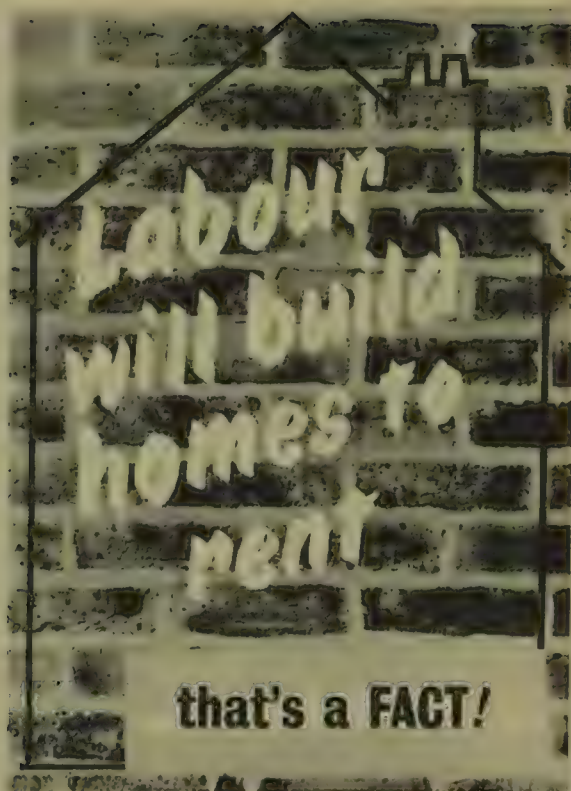
of our readers, therefore, we publish above, in graphic form, a number of fundamental statistics relating to the United Kingdom in the post-war period in order that they may see where the country stands and be able to check the various claims made by the various candidates for their votes on May 26. We would like to stress that these statistics are strictly non-political and are merely the records of facts as

Drawn by Our Special Artist,

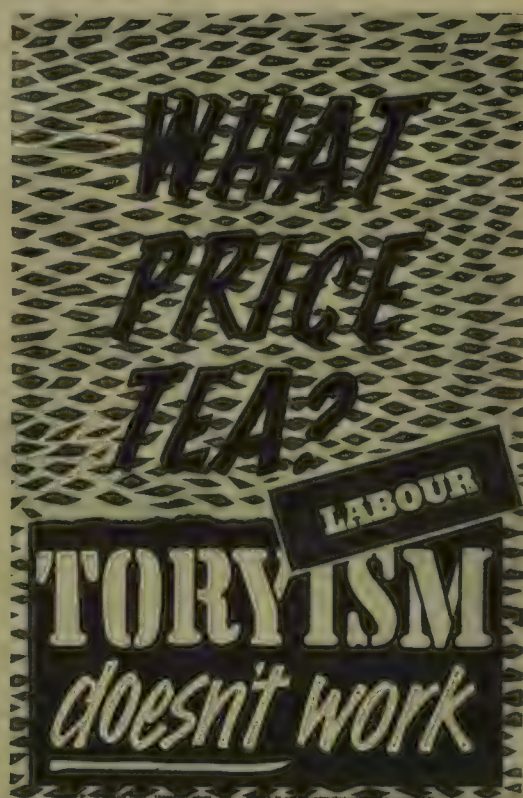
GRAPHIC FORM—TO ASSIST THE ELECTOR IN CHECKING THE CLAIMS OF THE VARIOUS CANDIDATES.

far as they can be ascertained and tabulated. They have all been supplied from the various Government departments concerned and from other official and non-party sources. Our readers will, of course, draw their own individual conclusions from the figures quoted; but looking for trends, it would appear to be a record of increase: wages, employment, the cost of living, have all gone up; population, human and animal—and especially that of pigs—has risen; imports are steady and exports have increased, and so have the hours lost through industrial disputes. Defence expenditure has risen, but more houses are being built, National Health expenditure has begun to sink, subsidies are decreasing and there has at last been a welcome fall in the standard rate of income tax.

G. H. DAVIS, FROM OFFICIAL STATISTICS.



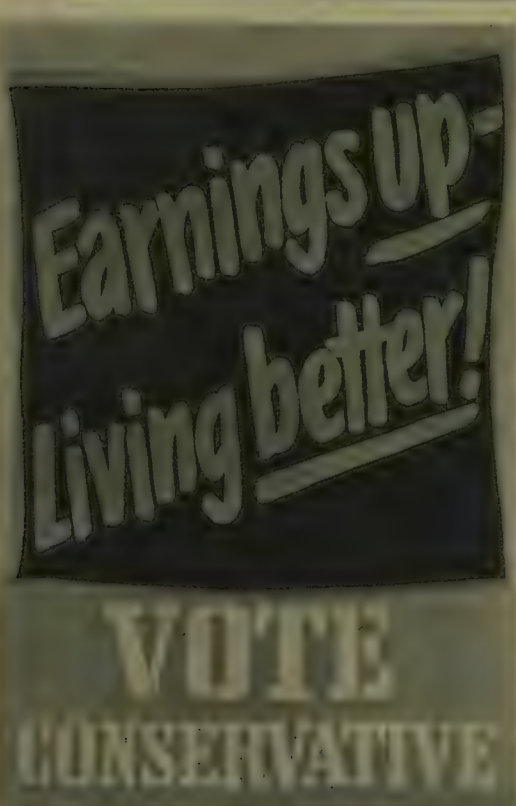
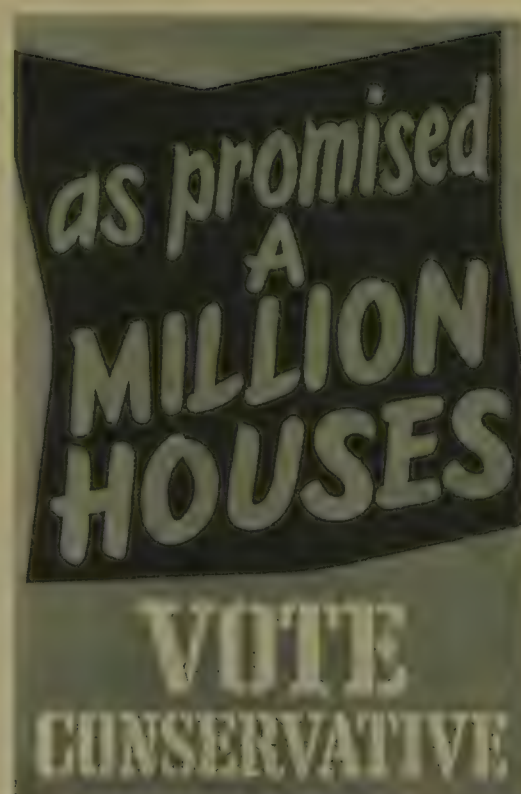
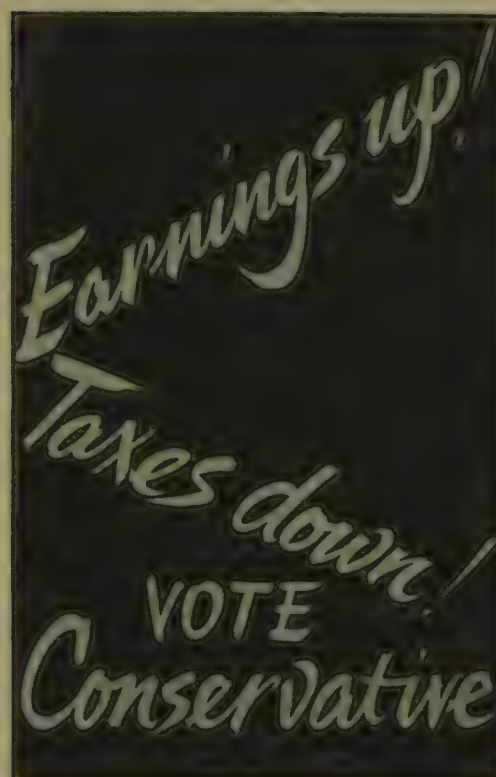
LEADING THE CAMPAIGN TO PERSUADE ELECTORS TO VOTE LABOUR INTO POWER: MR. MORGAN PHILLIPS, SECRETARY OF THE PARTY.



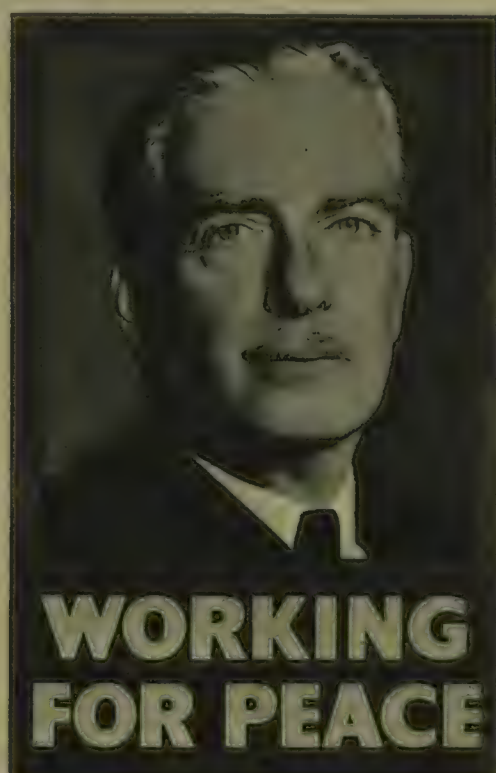
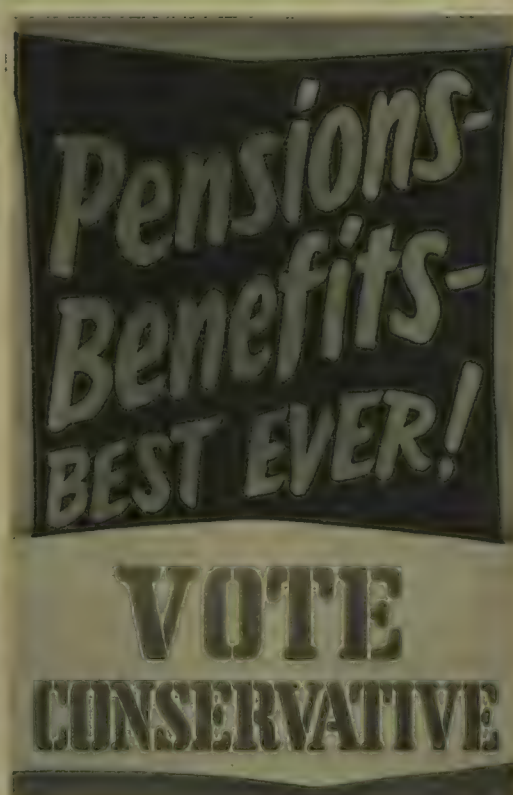
HITTING AT LIVING COSTS, PROMISING BETTER SCHOOLS AND HOMES TO RENT: SOME LABOUR PARTY ELECTION POSTERS.

The Labour Party posters, following the lines of Labour's election manifesto, hit primarily at the cost of living. Further points from the Labour Party's election manifesto are: Dividends have gone up faster than wages; action will be taken against monopolies, and price controls on essential goods reimposed. But Labour will not reintroduce rationing. All National Health charges will be abolished, including those for dental treatment, spectacles and prescriptions. Improved rates of National Assistance will be introduced. The building of subsidised houses for letting will continue, and the

requisitioning and modernisation of private houses in ill-repair is foreshadowed, subject to fair compensation. Labour will establish fixed guaranteed prices for agriculture, re-nationalise steel and road haulage, and nationalise sections of the chemical and machine tools industries. Better schools, more playing-fields, and the abolition of the eleven-plus examination, are among its aims for education. Labour will press for immediate cessation of H-bomb tests, evacuation by the forces of Chiang Kai-shek from the off-shore islands, and the neutralisation of Formosa under the authority of the United Nations.



EXAMINING ELECTION POSTERS AT THE CONSERVATIVE CENTRAL OFFICE: LORD WOOLTON, PARTY CHAIRMAN AND CAMPAIGN LEADER.



DEFENDING CONSERVATISM: POSTERS WHICH STRESS THE PARTY'S RECORD IN HOUSING, EMPLOYMENT AND WELFARE.

Conservative posters reflect the Conservative Party election manifesto in laying stress upon the Government's achievements, particularly in the matters of full employment, wages, and housing. Other points from the manifesto are: the Conservative Party would like to see a withdrawal of Chinese Nationalist forces from the coastal islands; reconsideration at the appropriate moment both of Chinese representation in the United Nations and the status of Formosa. One-sided disarmament is unacceptable. Industrial freedom from control and a stable home economy are endangered

by Socialism; it is no proper function of the State in normal times to go into trade itself. Full employment has been achieved without inflation and without Socialist controls. Home ownership will be encouraged. Good farming will receive fair prices; there will be no nationalisation of land; the acreage already owned by the State will be reduced where possible. Work will be begun on eliminating slums and modernising older houses. Pension rates will receive constant attention. In the next five years, 1,000,000 new school places will be provided, mostly in secondary schools.



SOLVING THE PROBLEMS OF HIGH COST AND DIFFICULTY OF CONSTRUCTION AND MAINTENANCE: OUR ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE FOLLAND MIDGE, PROTOTYPE OF A FORMIDABLE LIGHT JET FIGHTER.

In our issue of April 2 we devoted two pages to the tremendous increase in size, complexity and, therefore, cost, of the modern jet fighter over those of the wartime era, and stressed that this trend must persist with each new technical refinement evolved. For a nation lacking the vast natural resources and industrial potential of the United States or the Soviet Union, such a policy, carried on perhaps into a time of emergency, might well place an intolerable strain upon its economy. For some years, aircraft designers have appreciated the theoretical advantages of a simplified light jet fighter, but they were confronted in practice with the problem of securing an engine developing sufficient thrust that would not, at the same time, be too

heavy. When such an engine was projected, the Folland Aircraft Company began work on a light jet fighter virtually designed around it, but the engine was dropped, and Folland's decided to adapt the design of their prototype to take the Armstrong Siddeley *Viper*, then in production for use in connection with rocket research. This prototype, known as the *Midge*, was a private venture, denied official support. When in 1953 the Bristol Aeroplane Co. announced that it intended to build the *Orpheus* axial-flow turbo-jet engine, Folland's chose it for their projected *Gnat*, meanwhile pushing forward with their work on the *Midge*, which first flew on August 11, 1954, and three months later was dived at supersonic speeds, having

previously demonstrated at the Farnborough Air Show something of its power, its manoeuvrability, and its economy of form. The first *Orpheus*-engineed *Gnat* is due to start its flight trials this summer. It will have nearly three times the power of the *Midge*, and will be about half the size and a third of the weight of the standard jet fighter. The *Gnat* prototype will have a high sub-sonic speed in level flight, and later versions will be supersonic in level flight. It has the further advantages of being easier to build, easier to fly, cheaper to make and simpler to maintain. The makers claim that three to four more *Gnats* than conventional fighters can be built in the same number of man-hours. It has impressive fire-power, and although primarily

a day interceptor fighter, it can also be used as a fighter-bomber, capable of carrying a 1000-lb. bomb-load or rockets, or as a carrier-borne naval fighter. Apart from the engine, the *Gnat* differs mainly from the *Midge* by virtue of a longer wing-span (22 ft. 2 ins. instead of 20 ft. 8 ins.), a slightly wider fuselage, and inboard ailerons. When it goes into production, it will have a slimmer nose. The *Gnat* was designed by Mr. W. E. W. Patten, managing director and chief engineer of Folland Aircraft Ltd., who also designed the English Electric *Canberra* jet bomber. The Ministry of Supply has recently ordered a development batch of *Gnat* fighters, indicating that Government officials are now taking serious cognizance of this project.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY C. E. TURNER.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

THE question of what stone to use in making a rock garden is immensely important, especially if a reasonably convincing scenic effect is aimed at. Personally, my fore-

most object when building a rock garden would be to arrange the stone in such a way as to form a comfortable home in which the various types of Alpine and rock plant would have the best possible chance of enjoying life, and so looking their best and most beautiful. Happy, prosperous and contented rock plants will cover a multitude of geological sins, whilst even the most realistic example of rock building must be a dismal failure if it is so constructed that plants can not grow well on it. Quarried rocks, sandstone, millstone grit, granite, etc., often as angular and uncompromising as so many packing-cases, are not too easy to assemble as a pleasing, restful rock formation. On the other hand, the more porous of such rocks are pleasing to the roots of the plants which grow among them. Medium to small rocks of the various types of sandstone and millstone grit are easier to manage in making medium to small rock gardens than those on a larger scale. I know many smallish rock gardens built of such stone which grow Alpine and rock plants to perfection, and which look, as a whole, entirely pleasing.

Unfortunately, the question of what rock is to be used is often ruled by the question of finance. Costing what it does, carriage by road or rail must frequently prohibit the use of what would otherwise be the best rock for the purpose, in favour of some less desirable local stone.

As far as my experience goes, the beautiful water-worn limestone of Yorkshire and Westmorland is the best all-round rock for making rock gardens. Blue-grey in colour, it may be had in any size that is appropriate for the job in hand, from pieces no larger than your two fists, or a kitten, or a cat, to monsters as big as armchairs and club sofas. These rocks vary enormously in shape, and so lend themselves delightfully to rock-garden construction. Some of them, too, have deep, natural holes, cracks and crevices in which wild plants of the moorlands from which the rock has come, have seeded and become established. Such plants may be removed to make way for some of the choicer Alpine species which specially appreciate such deep, natural crevices in which to live. But some of the wild plants which have become deeply rooted into such water-worn limestone rocks are not easy to get rid of, for some species there are which will sprout again from the smallest scrap of root left in. But obviously it is important to make quite sure that such roots are completely eradicated before planting some choice Alpine species in their place. A good plan is to treat such cases with boiling water. Having dug out as much root as the blade of a knife can cope with, pour in boiling water, *really* boiling; and to make quite sure, give several doses.

In the far-off days of the R.H.S. Shows in the Temple Gardens—the pre-Chelsea days—Reginald Farrer and I were the first to use this water-worn limestone for our Alpine exhibits, which were made on benches in the open, and, as far as I can remember, I was the first to make a full-scale rock-garden exhibit of this stone in the open air at Chelsea. Before long it was being used each year on most of the Chelsea rock-garden exhibits. During the years that I was building rock gardens professionally, I occasionally used other types of rock, but usually I only did this for reasons of economy, the local stone of the district

TUFA.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

in which I was working being so much less expensive than water-worn limestone transported from one end of England to the other.

In a few special cases, in which I was using large quantities of this stone, I would go up to the Yorkshire moors with the man on the spot who collected and put the rock on rail, and pick out a number of specially fine and beautiful specimens. Some of these were so rich in plant-supporting holes and crevices that

occurrence in this country. Relatively few people, even quite keen rock gardeners, seem to know it, even by name, and those who see it for the first time almost invariably mistake it for a volcanic formation. It's nothing of the kind. Tufa is a lime formation. Being no geologist, I have turned for information to my "Everyman's English Dictionary," which says: "Tufa, porous rock formed as deposit from springs, etc." [The volcanic stone is tuff or tufo.—Ed.]

The chemical process by which tufa is formed is much like the process by which stalactites are formed. Lime in solution in water is deposited by a process of slow drip from the roof of a limestone cave, etc., in the likeness of an icicle. That, briefly and crudely, is how a stalactite is formed. In the formation of tufa the same chemical process takes place, but the mechanics are different. Instead of water dripping, it oozes, so that instead of forming what looks like a limestone icicle, an irregular mass of porous limey rock is deposited. That, then, is tufa. At least, I hope it is.

Another manifestation of the same process is to be seen in the formation of "fur" in a kettle. Tufa, though spongy and extremely porous, is variable in its hardness or softness, and I am inclined to think that it is softest when newly-formed, and then gradually hardens on exposure to the air. But one of its greatest advantages is that, hard or soft, it is easy to bore deep holes into it, which, when filled

with soil, are ideal for planting truly saxatile or cliff-haunting Alpines in. It is, too, the perfect rock to use in miniature sink gardens. In a large chunk of rather hard tufa, which is the main feature in my largest sinks, there lives a plant of the very rare *Viola delphinantha*, which has been there for over twenty-five years. I cut the hole for its reception with a hammer and cold chisel, making it about an inch in diameter and more than 6 ins. deep. I cut it in a downward direction in a perpendicular face of the rock. In softer tufa in another sink, I bored a hole with the blade of a pocket-knife without difficulty and in a matter of a few minutes. This hole was cut straight down, in the upper horizontal face of the rock, and in it I planted a young specimen of *Saxifraga diapensioides*. That was three years ago. To-day it measures 3 or 4 ins. across and is covered with its lovely snow-white flowers. Specimens of *Saxifraga tombeanensis* and *S. "Faldonside"* planted at the same time and in the same way, have done equally well. Other choice and sometimes difficult Alpines which might well be grown in the same way would be *Primula allionii*, *Phyteuma comosum*, *Campanula moreletiana*, *Armeria cæspitosa*, closely studded with stemless heads of pink thrift blossom, and many of the cushion-forming Androsaces, such as *A. helvetica*, *A. tenella* and *A. pyrenaica*.

One of the chief sources of supply has for long been Derbyshire. But there are other small deposits scattered about the country. The finest lot of this precious rock that I ever saw formed

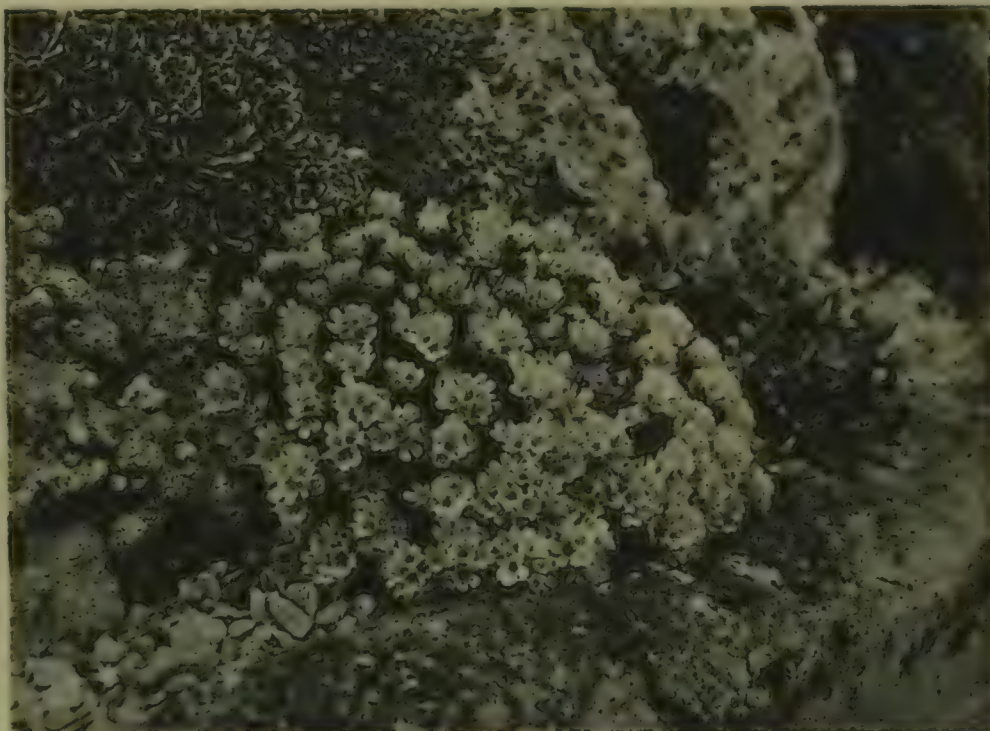
a man-made rockery in a garden near Chester. It was made of huge rocks, many of which must have weighed several tons apiece, and I would say that there must have been several hundred tons in all. Yet all was wasted as far as gardening was concerned. The whole thing was half-buried and smothered among a jungle of trees and shrubs. And I consider myself lucky if I secure a tufa rock which would go comfortably into an ordinary wheel-barrow.



IN THE TUFA "I PLANTED A YOUNG SPECIMEN OF *SAXIFRAGA DIAPENSIOIDES*. THAT WAS THREE YEARS AGO. TO-DAY IT MEASURES 3 OR 4 INS. ACROSS AND IS COVERED WITH ITS LOVELY SNOW-WHITE FLOWERS."

they could be given more or less isolated positions in the general rock-garden scheme, to become perfect miniature rock gardens themselves.

But let me give one warning. Beautiful in form and colour though this Yorkshire water-worn limestone is, it is quite unsuited for use in London or any large town garden. Within a year or two it loses its beautiful bloom of shaded blue-grey colour and



AN EXCELLENT PLANT FOR TUFA IS *ARMERIA CÆSPITOSA*, "CLOSELY STUDED WITH STEMLESS HEADS OF PINK THRIFT BLOSSOM." IT IS GROWING HERE IN A TUFA BLOCK IN A STONE SINK, WHILE ABOVE IT, TO THE LEFT, IS ONE OF THE SILVER SAXIFRAGES.

Photographs by Peter Pritchard.

becomes a gaunt, distressing near-white, a grubby, pallid ghost of its original self. Examples of this may be seen in many parts of London. Folk who "furnish" stray scraps of ground attached to blocks of flats, and so forth, almost invariably use this worst of all rock for town rockery purposes, tempted, no doubt, by its immediate effect.

It is unfortunate that tufa, one of the very best of all rocks for rock-garden purposes, is hard to come by. It is apparently rather limited and local in

NOBLE STONE VASES AND GEOMETRIC POTTERY: A SEASON'S FINDS FROM MYCENÆ.

By Professor A. J. B. Wace, Leader of the British Expedition to Mycenæ.

Previous reports by PROFESSOR ALAN WACE describing the British excavations at Mycenæ have appeared in our issues of October 25 and November 1, 1952, and of November 14 and 21, 1953. The season of 1954 has been no less successful than those of previous years, and in this article (the first of two) are described some of the more important discoveries. The excavations were carried out with research grants from the American Philosophical Society and Bollingen Foundation and with contributions from the Universities of Cambridge and

(Continued below, left.)



FIG. 1. A STORAGE JAR, ABOUT 1½ FT. HIGH, FOUND IN THE STORE-ROOM WITHIN THE CITADEL. (SEE FIG. 2.)

(RIGHT.)
FIG. 2. THE STORE-ROOM OF A MYCENÆAN HOUSE WITHIN THE CITADEL, SHOWING THE ROWS OF CIRCULAR EMPLACEMENTS FOR STORAGE JARS OF THE TYPE OF FIG. 1.



FIG. 3. A WINE JAR, OF THE TYPE USUALLY CONSIDERED EGYPTIAN, ABOUT 1 METRE (39½ INS.) HIGH. THE DOUBLE-AXE SIGN ON ONE SHOULDER SUGGESTS IT MAY HAVE BEEN AN IMPORT FROM SYRIA OR CYPRUS.

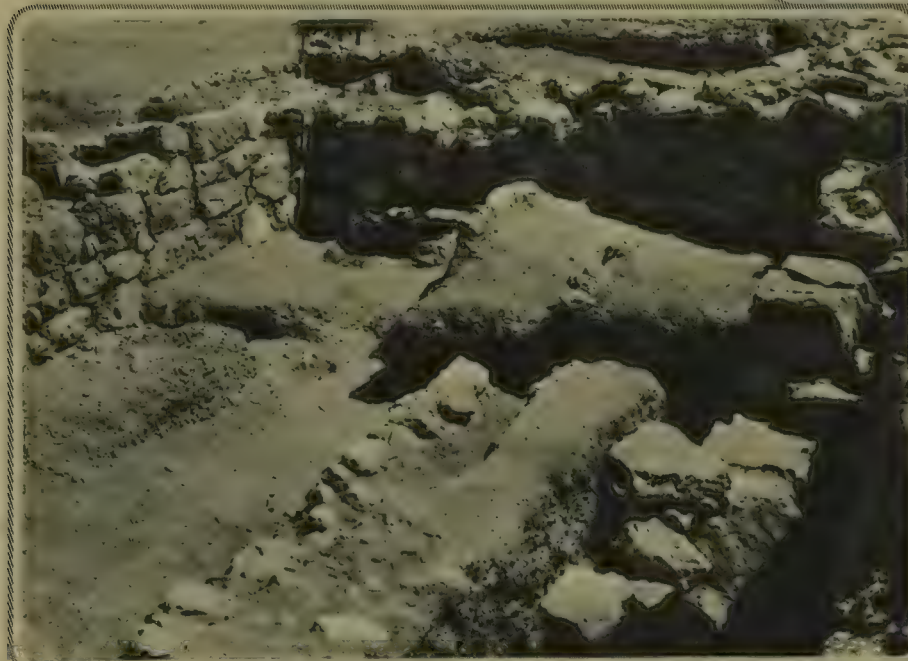


FIG. 4. THE WEST ROOM OF THE HOUSE OF SHIELDS: IN THIS ROOM, ON A CLAY BENCH, WERE FOUND MANY VERY FINE STONE VASES.



FIG. 5. PART OF THE CYCLOPEAN WALL OF THE ACROPOLIS, CLEARED DOWN TO ITS FOOT. THE GREEK AUTHORITIES PROPOSE TO REPAIR AND CONSERVE THIS WALL.



FIG. 6. A MYCENÆAN VASE, FOUND IN THE STORE-ROOM OF FIG. 2, WHICH SHOWS THAT THE HOUSE WAS DESTROYED IN THE GENERAL DESTRUCTION OF THE LATER TWELFTH CENTURY B.C.

(Continued.)

Oxford, the British Academy and the British School at Athens, through which the Greek Government granted the excavation permit. The photographs are by Miss Elizabeth Wace (1-3, 5, 6, 8-17, 19-25), Mr. T. Leslie Shear, Jr. (4, 18), and Lord William Taylour (7).

FOR the fourth successive season the British excavations at Mycenæ have been rewarded with valuable discoveries. The outstanding result is that the Mycenaean civilisation which we now know is the earliest Greek culture is being more and more revealed to us in all the richness of its technical and artistic skill. Within the Cyclopean walls of the citadel the exploration of the one remaining unexcavated area has been begun. It lies not far to the south of the famous circle of royal graves discovered by Schliemann in 1876. The surface layers belong to the Hellenistic period of the last three centuries B.C., when Mycenæ was

(Continued overleaf.)



FIG. 7. A LONG-RANGE VIEW OF THE THREE HOUSES OUTSIDE THE ACROPOLIS, WHICH ARE BEING EXCAVATED: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) THE HOUSES OF THE SPHINXES, THE OIL MERCHANT, AND THE SHIELDS.

MYCENÆAN STONE VASES: AND HOW THEY WERE MADE AND DRILLED.



FIG. 8. A VEINED LIMESTONE VASE, WITH NECK MADE SEPARATELY FROM THE BODY.

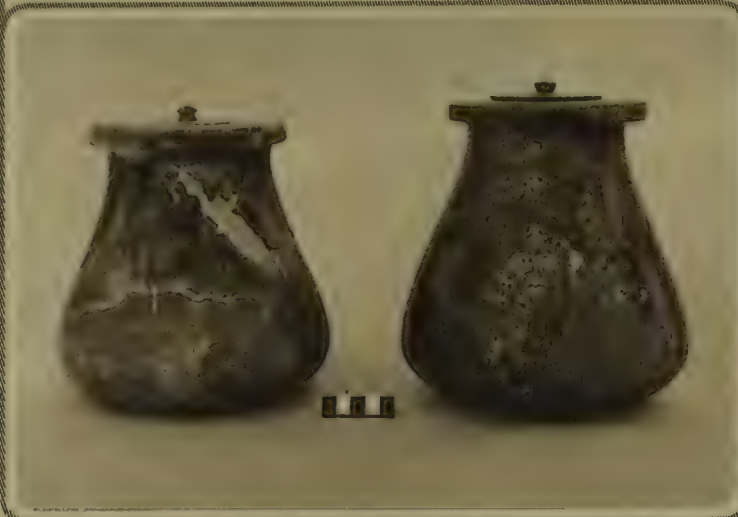


FIG. 9. TWO OF THE MOST ELEGANT OF THE STONE VASES FOUND IN THE HOUSE OF THE SHIELDS: BOTH ARE OF SERPENTINE, OF THE "BAG" SHAPE, AND FITTED WITH LIDS.



FIG. 10. A FINE VASE OF GREEN PORPHYRY, LAPIS LACEDÆMONIUS, PROBABLY ORIGINALLY WITH A NECK.

Continued from previous page.]

a dependency of Argos. Immediately below these on the north side a Mycenaean store-room was uncovered, partly cut in the rock and partly built with crude brick (Fig. 2). Its floor and walls were covered with clay plaster. It had been destroyed by a violent fire, probably when Mycenæ was captured and looted by its enemies at the close of the Bronze Age. In the floor, which had been once renewed, were sunk emplacements for ten large storage vessels. Fragments of such vessels were found in the ruins (Fig. 1). Among them also was a wine jar of a type usually supposed to be Egyptian (Fig. 3). In fact, it is certainly not Mycenaean in fabric. Since it bears written on one shoulder in red the "butterfly" or "double axe" sign which is known on vases from Syria and Cyprus, it is

[Continued opposite.]

Continued.]

possible that this jar once contained wine imported by a Mycenaean merchant from that region. A Mycenaean painted vase (Fig. 6) of the style known as L.H. III C found in the ruined store-room shows that the building perished in the general destruction of Mycenæ in the later twelfth century B.C. Near this house we began to clear the outer face of the Cyclopean fortification wall (Fig. 5) at the request of the Greek authorities, who plan to repair and conserve it. The two metres of debris at the foot of the wall on the outside proved to be almost entirely of the last two or three centuries before Christ, which indicates that the Mycenæans had kept the outer face of the wall clear. Outside the citadel we carried practically to completion the excavation of the House of Shields and of the House

[Continued below, left.]



FIG. 11. AN OVOID RHYTON OF STEATITE, CARVED AND WITH HOLES DRILLED FOR PRECIOUS INLAIS.



FIG. 12. A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE INTERIOR OF FIG. 10, TO SHOW THE DRILL-MARKS AND ILLUSTRATE THE METHOD BY WHICH THE VASE WAS CUT OUT.



FIG. 15. A MELON-SHAPED RIBBED BOWL OF SERPENTINE, WITH HOLES TO ATTACH A LIP.

Continued.]

of Sphinxes, two of the three houses which have been our main objective for the past three seasons (Fig. 7). The House of Shields, which lies over 150 yards as the crow flies west of the Lion Gate, does not seem to have been a private house.

drill, working with sand and water, and it would have been practically impossible to operate such a drill through the narrow neck. The neck-piece was therefore made apart and fastened to the body with the help of holes bored in at its base and in the rim of the body. A remarkably fine vase is one made of Lapis Lacedæmonius, green porphyry (Fig. 10), which is found only at Krokeai, half-way between Sparta and the sea. This is of a tall, graceful shape and well polished. It, too, seems to have had a separate neck, for there are holes bored through its rim. The marks of the drill in this splendid vase are exceptionally clear, and show the method used quite plainly, as can be seen in the photograph of the base from the inside (Fig. 12). On the Acropolis we found a partly-worked block of this material. This shows that these stone vases were presumably made on the spot at Mycenæ by local craftsmen, for whom the raw material was brought from Sparta. At Knossos Evans found a store of blocks of this same green porphyry in the Lapidary's Workshop, and so this stone helps to confirm the close relationship between Mycenæ and the Palace Period of Knossos, already

[Continued opposite.]



FIG. 14. PROBABLY OF SYRIAN ORIGIN, AND CONFIRMING CONTACTS WITH THAT COUNTRY: A STEMMED BOWL OF GREENISH-YELLOW FAIENCE, WITH INCISED ORNAMENT.



FIG. 13. A VASE OF PUDDING-STONE WITH RATHER THICKER WALLS WHICH RESISTED THE EFFECT OF FIRE.



FIG. 16. PART OF A VASE OF BLUISH FAIENCE WITH A SPIRAL-AND-ROPE PATTERN INCISED. OTHER FRAGMENTS OF THIS VASE WERE FOUND LATER.

We have uncovered on an artificial terrace supported by heavy Cyclopean walls founded on the rock, a large building with two big rooms. Owing to denudation and cultivation, the deposit above them is shallow, and nothing was found in the east room, where no trace of the floor survived. In the west room (Fig. 4) we found on or in front of a bench of clay which ran along the base of the west wall a remarkable number of stone vases. These had all suffered in the great conflagration which had destroyed the building, but we have recovered at least twenty-five. They are made of several varieties of stone. Two of the most elegant (Fig. 9) are of serpentine and are of a "baggy" type with lids and flat lips. Two of veined whitish limestone have suffered much from the fire (Fig. 8). These had their necks made separately from their bodies. The reason for this is obvious, for the vases were made by drilling out the centre with a hollow reed

FROM IRON AGE GRAVES IN MYCENÆ: SIMPLE AND EFFECTIVE POTTERY.



FIG. 17. FROM THE IRON-AGE GRAVE OF FIG. 18: A WINE-JUG WITH A TREFOIL SPOUT AND GEOMETRIC ORNAMENT.



FIG. 18. AN IRON-AGE GRAVE OF THE GEOMETRIC PERIOD (NINTH CENTURY B.C.), ONE OF THREE SUNK AMONG THE REMAINS OF THE THIRTEENTH-CENTURY B.C. HOUSE OF THE SHIELDS.



FIG. 19. A TWO-HANDLED AMPHORA, 'BLACK-GLAZED AND WITH A GEOMETRIC DESIGN. SEEN IN SITU IN FIG. 18.

Continued.] Greek at that date, the fifteenth century B.C. Two bowls which resisted the effects of the fire are of a pudding-stone (Fig. 13), and have thicker walls than most. An exceptional vase is an ovoid *rhylon* (Fig. 11), a libation vessel, of steatite, which had been badly shattered. This is ribbed and has incised decoration, including small, shallow, round sinkings drilled in the surface which once probably held some precious or semiprecious inlay. There are holes on the edge of the lip for the attachment of a neck and mouthpiece. The orifice at the bottom was covered with silver alloyed with copper, and it is possible that the mouthpiece was of the same material. Another bowl, also of serpentine, is ribbed on the outside and has a melon-like appearance (Fig. 15). This, too, has holes in the rim for the attachment of a mouthpiece, now lost. All these stone vases are remarkable for the number found in one building and for the technical excellence of their manufacture, which must have demanded trained and patient skill. In

[Continued opposite.

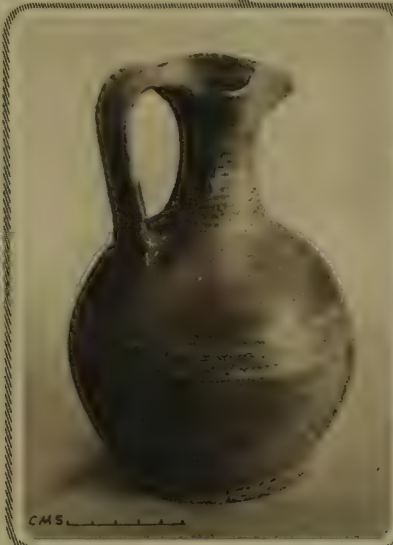


FIG. 20. A SPOUTED JUG OF THE GEOMETRIC PERIOD, OF SIMPLE AND EFFECTIVE DESIGN.

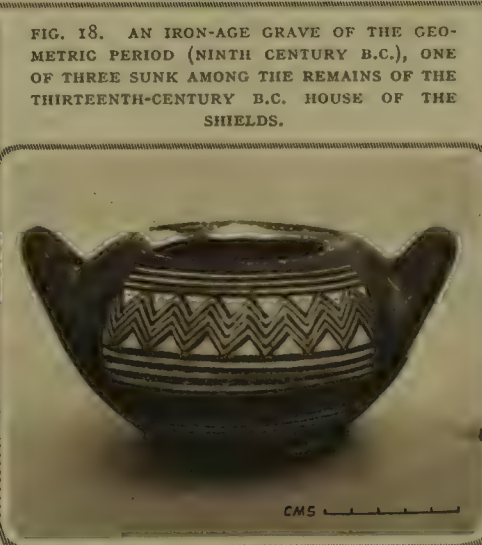


FIG. 21. AN IRON AGE JAR OR PYXIS, WITH EFFECTIVE ORNAMENT, WHICH HAS LOST ITS LID.



FIG. 22. ANOTHER TREFOIL SPOUTED JUG, WHICH MAY BE EARLIER THAN THE REMAINDER.

Continued.] the same building were also several fragments of faience which, from their fabric, do not seem to be Egyptian, but rather of Syrian make. If so, they would confirm the other instances of contacts between Syria and Mycenæ observed previously. One of these is a stemmed bowl (Fig. 14) of greenish-yellow faience with incised linear ornament. Another is the upper part of a vase of bluish faience with spiral-and-rope pattern decoration incised obliquely (Fig. 16). Since the photograph was taken part of the neck and lip, with a ring handle at the edge of the lip, has been found and fitted on. It seems clear that these examples of faience are neither Mycenaean nor Cretan, and that if they are not Syrian perhaps they may be Cypriot. Sunk into the ruins of the house, which seems to have been destroyed before the end of the thirteenth century B.C., we found three graves of the Early Iron Age (Geometric Period) (Fig. 18). These were simple, unenclosed interments and had no side walls or roofs when discovered. Since the site had been built over during the Hellenistic

[Continued below, left.]



FIG. 23. A TWO-HANDLED JAR, PROBABLY ONCE LIDDED. THE BLACK GLAZE HAS NOT WORN WELL.



FIG. 24. TWO EGG-SHAPED VASES, WITH POINTED BASES AND HOLES FOR HANGING THEM UP.

Continued.] period, third and second centuries B.C., these graves, although unrobbed, may have been disturbed somewhat. In two of them were two skeletons and all the bodies had been buried in the contracted attitude. With them had been placed many vases and bronze pins. Bronze rings were still on the finger-bones. The vases probably belong to the middle of the Geometric period, though one, a jug with a trefoil spout, has designs resembling

those of the beginning of the period (Fig. 22). The other vases are decorated in a simple linear style and are covered mainly with a black glaze paint which, in several cases, has not worn well. Most of them display a small reserved panel or belt on the body or shoulder containing simple geometric designs. There are a stemmed drinking-cup (Fig. 25), jugs with trefoil spouts (Figs. 17, 22), a jar or pyxis which lacks its lid (Fig. 21), another jar, which must originally have had a



FIG. 25. A TWO-HANDLED STEMMED DRINKING-CUP WITH AN OBLONG PANEL RESERVED FOR LINEAR ORNAMENT.

lid (Fig. 23), and an amphora (Fig. 19). Two small, egg-shaped vases have simple lugs pierced with holes for the attachment of strings so that they could be hung up (Fig. 24). These in their shape recall the ovoid *rhylon* of Mycenaean times. Finally, there was a small amphora of what has been christened "Pie Ware," because in its colour and decoration it suggests pastry. The vases are unpainted and of a simple fabric usually hand-made. The surface is smoothed and sometimes polished. The decoration is simple and often consists of zigzag lines incised on the handles, shoulder or lip. The recognition that this class of ware is contemporaneous with the Geometric Period provides valuable chronological evidence especially since the ware is so characteristic that small pieces can easily be distinguished.



IT is just about 200 years since the then Duke of Württemberg announced, in all seriousness, that for a prince of his rank a porcelain factory was an "indispensable accompaniment of splendour and magnificence." It is easy enough to laugh at Carl Eugen for having rather flamboyantly overstated his case; besides, he was an extravagant fellow, and, like his fellow princelings, no democrat, and so presumably didn't know any better. But, whatever his motives, he founded his factory following the earlier example of Augustus the Strong of Saxony, and this added to the gaiety rather than to the misery of nations—and anyone who does that deserves to be remembered, even though the driving force originally was little more than the social snobbery of "keeping up with the Jones's."

Each class has its ambitions—for some a television aerial above a council house, for an eighteenth-century minor potentate a porcelain factory, its costs to be paid for, as often as not, on the never-never system, which is by no means a modern invention. Some of these establishments were extremely successful, notably the great Meissen works, and have remained so to this day; others, after a few brief years of glory, were unable to hold their own amid the stress of competition; all did notable pioneering work as part of the evolution of a great modern industry and (apart from wares which could be classified as useful) made their contribution to that immense array of figures and groups of figures, which are so characteristic of the age. Here are three pieces from a recent sale at Christie's to show the kind of thing turned out by two of the lesser-known German factories, Höchst and Frankenthal. That at Höchst-on-the-Main was founded in 1750, under the patronage of the Elector of Mainz, and in due course

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. TWO GERMAN PORCELAIN FACTORIES.

By FRANK DAVIS.

been moved elsewhere and used years afterwards—sometimes with malice aforethought, occasionally as honest copies. Moreover, even when a factory has continued in operation down to this day—as at Meissen and Nymphenburg—it has sometimes put out extremely good imitations of its own past wares and has not been above reproducing the old marks. Amid these puzzles it is necessary to tread delicately, and, unfortunately, photographs are of little help. The eye must be wary and train itself to detect small differences in the

absurd—"The Watcher at the Well"—("Der Lauscher am Brunnen"). The buxom lady in the flowered dress has a bowl of washing by her side, while the man holds his hat in his right hand and is lying on the ground admiring her ankles. A Cupid lies on his stomach above the well, which is surmounted by a vase with pierced sides, and gazes down benevolently; an elegant, if equivocal and ridiculous eighteenth-century fancy.

The mark of Höchst is a wheel (taken from the arms of Mainz), generally in blue, sometimes impressed. There again we are liable to run into trouble, for the old moulds from Höchst have been used again at other factories in modern times and the wheel mark is duly copied. If the identification of the various wares presents unusual difficulties which can only be solved not from books and photographs, but from experience, the story of the rise and fall of the sixteen or so centres of production operating during the eighteenth century has been thoroughly and painstakingly mapped out, beginning with the first and greatest of all, Meissen, which, from its foundation in 1710, remained the unquestioned leader until that unpleasant martinet, Frederick the Great of Prussia, occupied Dresden during the Seven Years War and actually proposed to move the whole establishment to Berlin, a project which happily proved to be impracticable.

What is fascinating is not so much the enthusiasm of the princes, who, of course, hoped to acquire both great glory and hard cash as well from the new invention, but also the adventures of the technicians, without whom success was impossible. From the very beginning each establishment went to great lengths to guard its secrets, but workmen ran away from Meissen just as glass-makers had run away from Venice, long years before, in spite of penal legislation. Of all these wanderers, the one who had most influence was probably J. J. Ringler who, while working for Du Paquier, the owner of the factory at Vienna, is said to have won the heart of the boss's daughter and, by this means, acquired the necessary knowledge of the construction of the kilns. He left Vienna for Kunersberg, and then



FIG. 1. "AN ELEGANT, IF EQUIVOCAL AND RIDICULOUS EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY FANCY": "THE WATCHER AT THE WELL" ("Der Lauscher am Brunnen"); A HÖCHST GROUP. (Impressed wheel mark.) (8½ ins. high.)

A figure of Cupid prone on a shelf by the rococo vase which surmounts the well in this Höchst group gazes benevolently down on the gentleman who so indecorously admires the lady's ankles. Frank Davis describes it as "elegant, if equivocal and ridiculous."

quality of the porcelain, whether it is too white or grey or glossy, or the colours too bright, or the drawing too clumsy. I'm afraid there is no way but the hard way, and that means time and patience, which not many of us have at our command.

The best-known of the Frankenthal modellers was Karl Gottlieb Lück, and how charming he could be is fairly obvious from Fig. 2 here—"The Three Young Musicians"—with the little girl at the harpsichord displaying a chubby-faced maturity, which is both absurd and delicious. The style is very like that of an equally charming group in the British Museum collection, also by K. G. Lück, a "Birthday Group," in which two little children are brought in to see their mother with a present of a bouquet. The mark is the cypher of Karl Theodore, the Elector, with the number 73. (From 1770 to 1778, the last two numerals of the year were added to the Elector's cypher.) The bases of these Lück groups (as in this example) are usually a grassy green, with scroll-work borders picked out in gilt. A Höchst version of this favourite musician's theme—one finds it in the work of every German factory—is seen in Fig. 3, the little girl, her cat by her side, playing a xylophone, the seated boy playing the bagpipes and another in a green coat with a flower in his hat playing the flute. By him is a dog, not easily distinguished in the photograph. The other Höchst group (Fig. 1) is at once more pretentious and more



FIG. 2. MODELLED BY K. G. LÜCK: A FRANKENTHAL GROUP. (Cypher mark of Karl Theodore in blue and No. 73.) (9 ins. high.) Karl Gottlieb Lück was the best known of the Frankenthal modellers and this group, "The Three Young Musicians," is an illustration of the charm of his work. The number 73 after the cypher mark of Karl Theodore indicates the date. From 1770-78 the last two numerals of the year were added.

had to be subsidised. Frankenthal, near Mannheim, in the Palatinate, began operations in 1755, when P. A. Hannong, the proprietor of the Strasburg factory, ran into difficulties with the French authorities, who enforced the monopoly for porcelain manufacture granted to Vincennes. Hannong crossed the Rhine with a privilege from the Elector Palatine and settled at Frankenthal. Like that at Höchst, Frankenthal ran into difficulties and was taken over by the ruling prince, and finally, after various changes, ceased work in 1799, soon after Höchst.

If that was the whole story the problems facing the collector would be comparatively simple, but there are, in fact, extraordinary complications. One is that technicians frequently moved from factory to factory; for example, there is the well-known name of G. F. Riedel, who worked at Höchst, at Frankenthal and at Ludwigsburg. Then, still more puzzling, is the fact that the old moulds have often



FIG. 3. "THREE YOUNG MUSICIANS WITH THEIR PETS": A HÖCHST GROUP ON A FAVOURITE THEME. (Wheel mark in gold.) (7 ins. high.) The musician theme was a favourite one in every German porcelain factory. This is an attractive Höchst example. The girl, her cat at her side, is playing the xylophone and the boys have bagpipes and a flute respectively. A dog is included on the extreme right.

By Courtesy of Christie's.

spent about a year at Höchst. In 1751 he joined Hannong at Strasburg, and followed him to Frankenthal. Next he had a hand in the establishment of the kilns at Nymphenburg, in Bavaria, the fine plant which is still functioning. Finally, after two more moves, he settled down at Ludwigsburg, in Württemberg, and was manager there from 1759 till his death in 1802. But there were others like him, very naturally selling their services to the highest bidder. But the game was not quite as simple as that; nothing was easier than to get oneself offside. For example, a certain Benckgraff found himself in prison at Höchst for allowing Wegely, the Berlin wool-merchant who founded the Berlin factory, to buy the secret from him. But of course, in spite of Governments, knowledge of porcelain-making, as of any other technique, was bound to spread in time, to the great advantage of everyone. The rolling-stones gathered moss at last.

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A NEW-FOUND HOLBEIN AND OTHER FINDS.

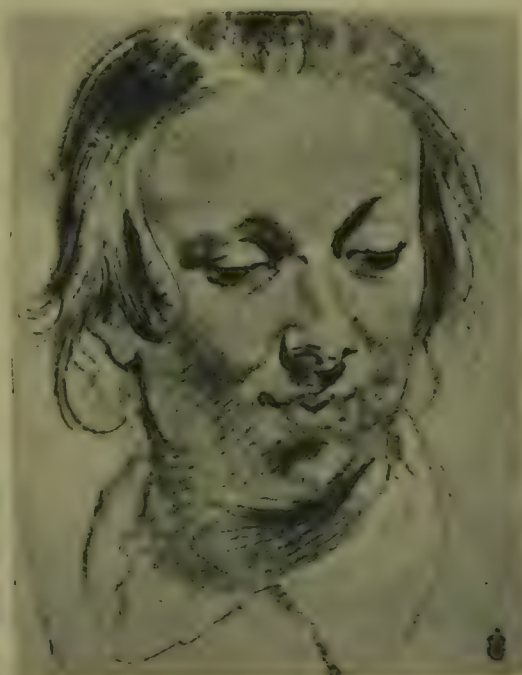


"HEAD OF A NEGRO"; BY PAOLI CALIARI, CALLED VERONESE (1528-1588). A FINE DRAWING FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. ARCHIBALD G. B. RUSSELL, C.V.O. (7½ by 6½ ins.)



"DESIGN FOR STAINED GLASS," A HITHERTO UNKNOWN DRAWING BY HANS HOLBEIN, THE YOUNGER (1497-1543). FROM THE ESTATE OF THE MISSES M. H., L. E. AND M. D. LE HUNTE. ONE OF THE IMPORTANT "FINDS" TO BE SOLD AT SOTHEBY'S ON JUNE 9. (14½ by 11½ ins.)

NOTABLE DRAWINGS IN A COMING SALE.



"PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S WIFE"; BY JAKOB JORDAENS (1593-1678). ONE OF THE OUTSTANDING DRAWINGS WHICH MR. A. G. B. RUSSELL IS SELLING. (9½ by 7½ ins.)



"THE NATIVITY"; BY GIOVANNI BELLINI (c. 1430-1516). A DRAWING OF THE GREATEST BEAUTY AND IMPORTANCE, FROM THE LE HUNTE ESTATE. (7½ by 8½ ins.)



"A DONOR BETWEEN TWO ANGELS"; BY FRANCESCO DI GIORGIO (1439-1502). AN IMPORTANT DRAWING FROM THE LE HUNTE ESTATE, IDENTIFIED BY SOTHEBY'S. (7½ by 7½ ins.)



(LEFT.)
"A HORSE"; BY ANTONIO PISANO, CALLED PISANELLO (1395-c. 1435). THE INSCRIPTION "DONATELLO" IS AN INCORRECT ATTRIBUTION. UN-NAMED SOURCE. (6½ by 7½ ins.)

(RIGHT.)
"PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN"; BY LORENZO LOTTO (1480-1556). RUSSELL COLLECTION. (13½ by 10½ ins.)



SEVERAL lots in the forthcoming sale of drawings at Sotheby's on June 9 are "finds" of great importance. These are from a small but choice collection of drawings from the estate of the late Misses M. H., L. E. and M. D. Le Hunte, which are being sold by order of the executors. As some of the contents of a

(Continued below)

portfolio in the estate appeared to be of more than usual interest, they were sent up to Messrs. Sotheby, who were able to identify them, with remarkable results. They include a hitherto unknown drawing by Hans Holbein, the Younger, and one by Giovanni Bellini, the latter a work of outstanding beauty;

an interesting drawing by Francesco di Giorgio, as well as an early German drawing, which is not reproduced on our page. The sale also includes drawings from the fine collection formed by Mr. A. G. B. Russell, Clarenceux King of Arms, and a Pisanello drawing of a horse from an unnamed source.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THEY say more hoopoes than usual have this year been seen in England. None has come my way and a long-standing wish, to see one of the rare passage-migrants, remains unfulfilled. Meanwhile, I have to listen to friends telling of having "seen one in the garden," "watched one for ten minutes," and other, to me, exasperating experiences. Of course, I have seen captive hoopoes, in zoos and elsewhere, have gazed for long periods at hoopoe skins, stuffed and mounted, in museum cases, have looked at pictures of the bird and read about it until I feel I know it thoroughly. But that is a very long way from being able to study the living bird in the wild.

There are probably many like myself who nurture this same ambition, and I base this assumption on two things. First, there are a number of people who have written to me in past years telling me, almost exultantly it has seemed, of having seen a hoopoe. The descriptions they give of it indicate fairly certainly that they have seen it. Secondly, there are those who write to me claiming to have seen a hoopoe, who then give descriptions which clearly show they have not been looking at a hoopoe but at a woodpecker. The mistake is not so grievous as one might, at first sight, suppose. Although the head and shoulders of the hoopoe are pinkish-brown, the wings and lower back are heavily barred with black and white, and the tail is black, barred white at its base. Two-thirds of the body recalls therefore the plumage of the greater spotted woodpecker, and the beak, although not so heavy as that of a woodpecker, is long and conspicuous. In any event, hoopoes are placed fairly near the woodpeckers in the scheme of classification. Moreover, both have a crest, and although the crest in each is so different, it is the use of the word "crest" in the descriptions which is quite clearly a source of misunderstanding.

The crest of a hoopoe consists of a fan of feathers, pinkish-brown, like the feathers of the bird's head and shoulders, and standing, when erected, at a height approximately equal to that of the head and shoulders. In other words, the hoopoe's crest is a very conspicuous row of long feathers. The crest of the woodpecker, on the other hand, is more a patch of feathers clothing the top of the head. After receiving one of the letters in which this confusion was evident, it occurred to me that perhaps it was wrong to give two such different structures the same name. The dictionary was the obvious oracle to consult, and in it I learned that a crest is a tuft or process, usually ornamental, on the upper part of the head of a bird or mammal. Unfortunately, like all common words, it has other usages. From being applied to the tuft of feathers on a helmet, it is also applied to the apex of the helmet or even to the helmet itself, thence to meaning the top, upper edge, crown or ridge.

Biology has the disadvantage as well as the advantage of being a popular subject. A science should be able to state its meanings and definitions in precise terms, if need be coining new words or phrases. The field of biology is so much everyman's world that every man's intrusion into it is inevitable, and with this, everyday words tend to be brought into use. This has the appearance of being a disadvantage. On the other hand, there is the advantage that, because every man is interested in it, there is the need for using non-technical language in its exposition.

In this matter of the crest of the hoopoe and the crest of the woodpecker, I felt at one time that misunderstanding might have been avoided if we could have coined a precise term for each. On reflection,

THE HOOPOE'S CREST.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

however, it seems that we are in the position of being forced to accept advantages from the use of this wider terminology. By seeking to understand the meaning of the word "crest," we are compelled to understand the function of the structure itself. Thus, the hoopoe's

A hoopoe raises its crest when excited or alarmed, and because these feathers are long they are noticeable. A chaffinch, with short feathers covering the head, will also raise its crest in moments of excitement or alarm. A blue tit will do the same. In both these, however, the feathers being short, are hardly noticed, even when standing on end. When a jay does this we see, with perhaps surprise, how very long are its crest feathers. Indeed, the jay's crest when erected recalls forcibly that of the lapwing or of the cockatoo, and other birds in which the crest is so obvious even in repose. Although none of these uses the crest with quite the same facility as the hoopoe, there can be little question that the differences are of degree and no more. Moreover, woodpeckers also raise the crest feathers in moments of excitement, but because the feathers are short the action tends to pass unnoticed. Here, again, it is only a question of degree.

It would take a long time to find out to what degree every species of bird does or does not raise its crest in moments of excitement. Sufficient has been said to justify the use of the word in the broad context of the dictionary definition. There comes, now, a greater significance to this line of enquiry. The raising and depressing of the crest feathers, indicative of nervous excitement or repose, is found in many families of birds. So it seems reasonable to suppose that the mechanism for it exists even in those species that never raise the crest, if such there be. By mechanism I mean any nervous reaction or muscles no longer effective.

In moments of alarm and of certain kinds of excitement I "feel my hair standing on end." In saying this I am using an ancient and popular phrase, so presumably my experiences are far from unique. There are also moments of excitement when I "feel cold shivers down my spine." And there is not so much difference, except for the wording used to describe them, between these two things.

In moments of excitement a dog's hair, the length of his spine, stands erect. This is true for a number of other mammals. In some birds, also, the blackcap being one, not only is the crest erected but the body feathers are fluffed out, especially those in the middle line of the back. Certain reptiles have erectile crests running down the mid-line of the head and back, and fishes tend to erect their median fins similarly in moments of excitement. It is difficult to avoid seeing in all this the possibility of a universal nervous reaction associated with the mid-line of head and back in vertebrates. Where long feathers, hair, scales or fins are present, the unseen nervous reaction is translated into a recognisable phenomenon visible to the eye. Where no such visible sign occurs, however, it does not follow that the nervous response does not occur. Man is a good example to illustrate this.

So it seems to me, there is a warning in this. We tend to assess the workings of an animal's nervous system, including the brain, by the outward and visible actions of the body. Yet it seems that there can be vestigial nervous reactions which do not necessarily show at the surface.



WITH CRESTS ERECTED AND DEPRESSED: A TYPICAL SELECTION OF BIRDS DRAWN BY OUR ARTIST, NEAVE PARKER, SHOWING (1) THE HOOPOE; (2) THE JAY; (3) THE CHAFFINCH, AND (4) THE WHITE COCKATOO. IN SOME BIRDS THE CREST IS MORE OBVIOUS THAN IN OTHERS, MERELY BECAUSE THE FEATHERS COMPOSING IT ARE LONGER, BUT THE HABIT OF RAISING THE CREST IN MOMENTS OF EXCITEMENT IS WIDESPREAD.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Neave Parker, with the co-operation of Dr. Maurice Burton.

crest is lowered when the bird is in repose and is then merely a group of fairly long feathers overlying the top of the head. The woodpecker's crest is a group of short feathers, also overlying the top of the head. Were they not coloured differently from the surrounding feathers, they would not have received the name of crest. Logically, therefore, we are justified in saying that the feathers overlying the top of the head in any bird constitute a crest.



ALMOST INVARIABLY PORTRAYED WITH THE CREST UP: THE HOOPOE, AN EARLY REPRESENTATION OF THE BIRD SEEN IN AN ILLUSTRATION FROM THOMAS PENNANT'S ZOOLOGIA BRITANNICA 1771. IN LIFE THE BIRD'S CREST IS RAISED AND LOWERED WITH VARYING DEGREES OF NERVOUS EXCITEMENT.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE, AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



COMMANDING THE FORCES OF THE SOVIET STATES: MARSHAL KONIEV.

As a result of the recent deliberations in Warsaw, the Soviet Government and the seven Soviet satellite States signed on May 14 a mutual aid treaty and set up a combined East European Army which will be commanded by Marshal Koniev, fifty-eight, head of the Russian ground forces since 1946. His headquarters will be in Moscow.



B.O.A.C. VETERAN PILOT RETIRING: CAPTAIN O. P. JONES.

The senior pilot of British Overseas Airways Corporation, Captain Jones has decided to retire from active piloting after being an airline captain continuously since 1922. He is fifty-six. The Corporation, with whom he will continue to work, presented him with an illuminated certificate of commendation.



THE NEW MODERATOR: THE REV. G. D. HENDERSON.

As from this month, the Rt. Rev. George David Henderson becomes Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. Aged sixty-seven, and Chaplain to the Forces in Mesopotamia, 1918-20, he has served as Regius Professor of Divinity at the University of Aberdeen since 1924.



NEW HIGH COMMISSIONER IN INDIA: MR. MALCOLM MACDONALD.

It was announced on May 15 that Mr. MacDonald, British Commissioner-General in South-East Asia, has been appointed British High Commissioner in India. He succeeds Sir Alexander Clutterbuck, now Ambassador in Dublin. Mr. MacDonald, son of the late Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, is fifty-four; he will take up his new post in September.



THE NEW U.S. ARMY CHIEF OF STAFF: GEN. MAXWELL TAYLOR.

General Taylor, who was nominated by President Eisenhower on May 13 to succeed General Ridgway as Chief of Staff of the United States Army after the latter's retirement on June 30, is at present C-in-C. of all United States and United Nations forces in the Far East. General Taylor is fifty-three and, like his predecessor, was commander of an airborne division in the 1939-45 war.



THE BRITISH TEAM TO MEET AMERICA IN THE WALKER CUP MATCH ON THE OLD COURSE, ST. ANDREWS, FIXED FOR MAY 20 AND 21.

This photograph of the British Walker Cup team for May 20 and 21 shows (from l. to r., standing) Mr. Ernest Millward (England); Major David Blair (Scotland); Mr. Ian Caldwell (England); Mr. Robin Cater (Scotland); Mr. Philip Scrutton (England), and Mr. John Morgan (Wales); and (seated) Mr. Ronald White (England); Mr. J. Carr (Ireland); Mr. Alec Hill (non-playing captain); Mr. Cecil Ewing (Ireland) and Mr. Gerald Micklem (England). The match is the fifteenth of the series started thirty-two years ago.

THE NEW PRINCIPAL OF R.A.D.A.: MR. JOHN FERNALD.

Mr. John Fernald, who succeeds Sir Kenneth Barnes as Principal of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, was himself on the teaching staff of R.A.D.A. from 1934 to 1940. He is forty-nine. A well-known producer, Mr. Fernald's recent West End productions include "Dial M for Murder," "The Devil's General," "The Love of Four Colonels," and "The White Sheep of the Family."



RETIRING AS U.S. ARMY CHIEF OF STAFF: GEN. RIDGWAY.

General Ridgway, whose term of office would normally run until Aug. 15, is to retire from his position as Chief of Staff of the U.S. Army on June 30. It is known that he was extremely critical of the Defence Department's decision to reduce the size of the Army. General Ridgway, who is sixty, will enter business upon his retirement. He was C-in-C. of the Eighth Army during the Korea fighting.



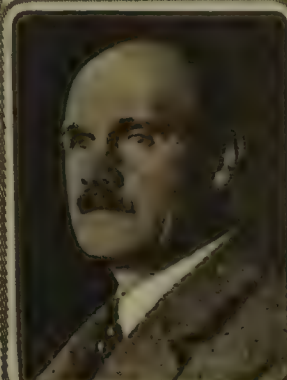
THE UNITED STATES TEAM TO MEET BRITAIN IN THE WALKER CUP MATCH ON THE OLD COURSE, ST. ANDREWS, FIXED FOR MAY 20 AND 21.

The United States team chosen to meet Britain in the Walker Cup Match at St. Andrews on May 20 and to-day, May 21, is the youngest ever selected to cross the Atlantic for a Walker Cup Match. Our group, taken on board ship on their arrival at Southampton, shows (l. to r.) Messrs. W. C. Campbell (captain), W. J. Patton, J. W. Conrad, B. H. Cudd, Dale Morey, D. R. Cherry, J. Harvie-Ward (Jnr.), J. G. Jackson and R. L. Yost. Their average is twenty-nine; Mr. Cudd, at twenty-one, is the youngest, and Mr. Patton, at thirty-four, the oldest. Mr. J. Jackson played in the last Walker Cup Match.



HONOURING A MAYFLOWER DESCENDANT: SIR JAMES WATERLOW (RIGHT) AND MR. HUGH WINSLOW.

A descendant of Edward Winslow, one of the Pilgrim Fathers who sailed in the Mayflower in 1620 and became Governor of New Plymouth, Mr. Hugh Winslow was invested a liveryman of the Guild of St. Bride (founded in 1375 by King Edward III.) by the Deputy Master, Sir James Waterlow, on May 11. Mr. Winslow has good reason to be particularly interested in the famous church, since his ancestor's parents were married at St. Bride's, and Edward Winslow himself was an apprentice printer in the parish.



FAMOUS ATTACKING CRICKETER DIES: MR. GILBERT JESSOP.

Mr. Jessop, who died on May 11, a few days before his eighty-first birthday, was famous as a hard-hitting batsman, a good fast bowler and a fieldsmen in the top class. He played in his first Test match in 1899 when he was still at Cambridge, and subsequently represented England on many occasions, including that of the legendary Test of 1902, in which he hit 104 in 75 minutes.



THE CZECH AMBASSADOR PRESENTS CREDENTIALS: MR. JIRI HAJEK.

His Excellency the Czech Ambassador, Mr. Jiri Hajek, was received in audience by the Queen at Buckingham Palace on May 13, and presented his credentials. He was accompanied by Mme. Hajek and members of the Czechoslovak Embassy, who were also presented. In the photograph above he is seen leaving the Czechoslovak Embassy for his audience at the Palace.



LEAVING FOR BUCKINGHAM PALACE: LT.-GEN. DAMAN RANA.

The new Nepalese Ambassador, His Excellency Lieut.-Gen. Daman Shamsheer Jang Bahadur Rana, was received in audience by the Queen at Buckingham Palace on May 11 and presented his credentials. He was accompanied by other Embassy officials, who were also presented. In the photograph above, he is seen before leaving his Embassy in Kensington Palace Gardens.

BARN OWLS AND THEIR YOUNG: PHOTOGRAPHS OF AN ENGAGING FAMILY



THE COCK OWL, WHO HAS JUST PASSED OVER A SHORT-TAILED FIELD VOLE, HAS A PIECE OF STRAW, PROBABLY PICKED UP WHEN HE MADE THE KILL, STICKING TO HIS FEATHERS.



CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA: THE HEN, WHICH HAS JUST GIVEN PREY TO ONE OF THE OWLETS (LEFT), IS DISTRACTED BY A SLIGHT NOISE MADE BY THE PHOTOGRAPHER AND TURNS ROUND.



IN THE PIGEON LOFT: TO THE INDIGNATION OF THE ELDEST CHICK (RIGHT) ONE OF THE OTHER CHICKS SEIZES A MOLE WHICH THE HEN HAS BROUGHT TO THE NEST.



NOW SEVEN WEEKS OLD: THE ELDEST CHICK, WHICH IS JUST SWALLOWING A MOUSE WHOLE, IS WATCHED BY THE ADULT BIRD (LEFT).



WISE HEADS ON YOUNG SHOULDERS: THE OWLETS, WHOSE FACES NOW RESEMBLE THOSE OF THEIR PARENTS, STILL HAVE FLUFFY BODIES. ONE IS EATING A RAT (LEFT).

Continued.
a quarter of a mile away. Mr. A. Faulkner Taylor, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S., who took the series of photographs on these pages, writes: "The oldest of the owlets was about four weeks old, and seeing them together, side-by-side, at this stage of their growth, emphasised the habit in owls of commencing to brood with the laying of the first egg. Each subsequent egg is laid at two-day intervals, thus there always exists a

(Continued below, left.)



AFTER HAVING A BRITISH MUSEUM IDENTIFICATION RING PLACED ON ITS LEG: AN OWLET ROLLING ON ITS BACK AND STRIKING UPWARDS WITH ITS CLAWS.

Continued.
discrepancy in size and development of the young birds. The prospects for photography appeared to be good, as such a nesting-place offers many opportunities for the inclusion of adults, young and prey. The prospects for my own comfort were poor, as the height of the chamber, even at the apex of the roof, was 30 ins. or less. A piece of sackcloth was tacked to the roof timbers, 4 ft. back from the bird entry-holes, and allowed to hang down to the floor. It was weighted down with stones to avoid movement from draughts. This was done one evening, and the first arrival of one of the adults, with food at dusk, was watched from the cover



PREPARING TO ENJOY AN EVENING SNACK: ONE OF THE OWLETS WITH A YOUNG RAT WHICH HAD JUST BEEN BROUGHT TO THE NEST BY THE HEN BIRD.

of a cow house. The owl entered without hesitation, flying out two minutes later, and proving that the presence of the makeshift hide was causing no disturbance. The next stage, carried out a day later, was the introduction of one of the electronic flash reflector heads. Again the behaviour of the first adult to arrive at dusk was favourable. The evening's session of observation and photography was anything but comfortable. It was necessary to stand on one of the rungs of a ladder, and lean my elbows on the floor of the loft. It was interesting to compare the feeding habits of the parent birds with those of the previous year. The first visit

Photographs by A. Faulkner Taylor.

WHO MIGHT HAVE STEPPED FROM THE PAGES OF BEATRIX POTTER.



NIGHT HAS FALLEN AND THE EVENING MEAL ARRIVES: THE SECOND YOUNGEST CHICK PREPARES TO MAKE SHORT WORK OF A RAT. ALL FOUR CHICKS HAVE BRITISH MUSEUM IDENTIFICATION RINGS.



OPTIMISM AND RESIGNATION: THREE OF THE OWLETS WAIT HOPEFULLY FOR MORE FOOD AT THE ENTRANCES TO THE PIGEON LOFT WHILE ONE, WHICH HAS EATEN A RAT, TURNS ITS BACK ON THE OUTSIDE WORLD.



THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S LAST VISIT—MADE IN DAYLIGHT—to the nest in the pigeon loft: THREE OF THE OWLETS, NOW ALMOST FULLY-FLEDGED AND READY TO FLY, LOOK TOWARDS THE CAMERA, WHILE THE FOURTH (LEFT) IS IN ONE OF THE ENTRANCE HOLES OVERLOOKING THE FIELDS ACROSS THE VALLEY.

with prey took place at a later hour, the reason for this was no doubt due to the fact that the pigeon loft barn adjoined a farmhouse, and the activity of the farmers would often interfere with an early visit. The proximity of animals, and consequent abundance of feeding stuffs, also the saturation of pasture land surrounding the farm, altered the type of prey which the owls brought to their young. Rats and moles formed a high percentage of the diet compared with no record of either of these at the barn-wall nest, which, by contrast, was part-surrounded by a rocky tangle of bracken and bramble. When the oldest chick was seven weeks old, neither

Taylor, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S.

of the parents would enter the chamber to pass over food. At dusk, the owlets would climb on to the entrance ledge and await the first visit. There was never any quarrelling between the chicks, and no attempt was ever made by one to seize food from another. I was informed by the farmers that barn owls have used this loft, off and on, for a period of twenty years. Their presence was first discovered by a farm-hand, who climbed up to investigate the reason for the disappearance of the pigeons. Long may these beautiful and useful birds continue to bring up their families under the kindly protection of their farmer-landlord."

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

I DON'T BELIEVE IT.

By J. C. TREWIN.

AMONG my favourite jokes, nearly twenty years old now, is "Sepulchre," Rebecca West's wittily irreverent pastiche of a novel by one of our modern prose masters. A few lines in particular are cherishable: "A sense of fusion wholly illuminated his flesh and his spirit and he knew that he was one with the refreshment room in which he was sitting. It was he, and he was it. For a second or two one marble-topped table and a glass bell over some ham sandwiches held out for him their own identity, but he set his teeth in a supreme spiritual effort, and they fell into line."

In the theatre we do want something of this "sense of fusion." We need not join the furniture, but at least we ought to be well inside the stage room, and, if the play is at all competent, we should be able to enter the minds of its characters. In any event, to enjoy ourselves in the theatre we must make a pact to believe what is going on, to refrain from standing coldly outside, looking in. If anything blurs the vision, if we find ourselves saying too often that A. would never do this and B. would certainly never do that, then the author has blundered, the actor or the producer, or maybe all of them in one red burial blent.

Now and again a week comes when nothing can help. For some reason we cannot yield. We may sit in the audience, crying hopefully that everything is fine, and that we have never believed in anything so much. No use. We deserve what Rattigan, in "The Sleeping Prince," calls the Carpathian Order of Perseverance, but we cannot persuade ourselves that we have been persuaded. We are not one with the refreshment room in which we are sitting.

This was the trouble last week. Take "The Lovers," at the Winter Garden, a version of "Thérèse Raquin." In the past I have been able to believe in the highly-coloured theatricalism (that Zola called realism) of this grim tale of Paris in the eighteen-eighties. It is, you remember, simply the story of two illicit lovers who, to secure their happiness, have plotted the murder of the woman's husband. It has not secured their happiness; they cannot sleep; passion has waned to brittle ashes; and, worst of all, the old paralysed woman, the mother-in-law in the wheel-chair, knows their secret. A stroke has rendered her dumb, but she understands, and her eyes are eloquent.

In "The Lovers," where Marcelle-Maurette (English version by Juliet Mansel and Robin King) has gone straight to the original book, the theatrical strokes do not pierce as they did. Or shall I say that they do not pierce *me*? The blade is blunted, mainly, I think, because neither Eva Bartok, the Thérèse, nor Sam Wanamaker, the Laurent, is credible. Miss Bartok is vehement about it all, but she cannot control, shape her vehemence: emotion is dispersed. Mr. Wanamaker chooses for Laurent a rusty-flaking voice, monotonous in its inflections. Neither artist permits us fully to enter into the play, so while we can admire such matters as Helen Haye's technique (she is the old woman in the chair), Brian Oulton's fussy hypochondria as the murdered husband, and the unction of the domino-players (Peter Copley and Kynaston Reeves), we do no more than peer through a misted glass at the tragedy of the Pont-Neuf Passage. It has been an article of faith with me that any night, however disappointing, must offer something for memory, and in "The Lovers" it may be the Georges Wakhevitch setting: Madame Raquin's shop and parlour, the windows of Paris rising above into the evening or the darkness. That is splendidly summoning, and so is the sight of the Passage itself. But, summoning or not, I did not find that I was permitted either to walk in the Passage or to enter the Raquin household.

Similarly, it was not easy to enter the room under the chimney-pots of

Montmartre where the entire action of "The Midnight Family" (Arts) is concentrated. In its time, "Thérèse Raquin" was modern realism. The Arts play—translated by Gillian Winter from the French of Charles Dorat—is modern fantasy. It hardly comes off, for the author, after pricking our curiosity in the first act, seems in the second to prick the bubble of his play. Fortunately there is a third act, in which matters are mended, or at least cobbled; but we cannot put this with the more compelling, more imaginative fantasies. It has

been suggested that the translation is at fault. For myself I doubt whether the second act could ever have been more than soggy earthbound.

It would not be fair to discuss the plot of "The Midnight Family." Take away the author's anxiously prepared surprises, and where should we be? I may be allowed to say that, to the alarm of the young man glumly alone in his Montmartre flat (after a quarrel with his mistress), five entirely unknown personages enter and take possession of his bed: grandfather and grandmother, mother and father, daughter: three generations of a family that vouchsafes neither name nor business and is so determinedly inexplicit about the whole business that the young man's head spins. He is acted by Emrys Jones with fitting bewilderment, and Elaine Usher—we are becoming rich in young actresses—is an attractive midnight visitor. Rosalind Boxall, puzzled mistress, seems to me to be the most reasonable figure. When will somebody let this first-class player have a genuine chance again? (Think only of her performance in the "Henry the Sixth" trilogy and in "Crime and Punishment.") While she is on stage at the Arts, this Montmartre flat has a certain reality. Alas, the "sense of fusion" soon disappears. I can say no more except to quote, from another dramatist, two-and-a-half lines that may or may not offer a clue:

This must be done with haste
For Night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger.

The author of those lines is still held in some quarters to have written "Arden of Faversham" (1592) which the Theatre Workshop company has done at Stratford-atte-Bowe. I find no trace of Shakespeare in a melodramatic broadsheet-play of a brutal Kentish murder from the early fifteen-fifties. Although it has a certain rough force, Alice Arden and her lover, Mosbie, who murder Alice's husband, are as unimpressive in the theatre as Thérèse and her paramour who kill Camille Raquin. Harry Corbett has a useful thrust at Mosbie; and the others, including the players of Black Will and Shakebag, double, double,

toil and trouble on behalf of a stage curiosity that sparks now and then to life. Paris is seeing it at present as an exhibit in the International Drama Festival; and I am sure that there will be compliments for Joan Littlewood's production, and for the gaunt tree-trunks of a singularly spare setting. (The London scene is more elaborately contrived.) Again I could not be persuaded to join the party, though once, at the very end of the play, as the Mayor of Faversham and Arden's friend advanced upon the guilty Alice, I thought that belief was dawning at last. Then the curtain fell. It was no doubt wise of Miss Littlewood to do away with all the straightening-out and clearing-up at the end, even if some people may have wondered what happened next. Alice Arden was burned at the stake in Canterbury: her husband could not have been more horribly avenged.

There is little to say of "The Tender Trap" (soon to end its brief life at the Saville) except to report that two Americans, Max Shulman and Robert Paul Smith, have written the sort of flick-and-trick comedy that helps so often to people the Broadway stage—and, apparently, ours. No offence in it; it is just thinly matter-of-course. Brian Reece in a flutter, and Geraldine McEwan in a twitter, lead the revel; Daphne Anderson's poise and sincerity deserve a luckier chance; and there is a morning-after-the-party scene in which Brian Reece and Phil Brown, glazed and fumbling, rouse more of our sympathy and laughter than at any time during the night. All very well—but that "sense of fusion"? I am sorry to say that I just didn't believe. Better things are ahead: it may help any dramatist to know that at least one of his listeners will be sitting on the edge of the seat, ready to believe with all his heart.



"THE PLOT TURNS ON A FAVOURITE PREOCCUPATION OF MODERN FRENCH DRAMATISTS": "THE MIDNIGHT FAMILY" SHOWING A SCENE JUST BEFORE THE FINAL CURTAIN WITH (L. TO R.) ANDRE (EMRYS JONES); MELANIE (ELAINE USHER); THE CUSTODIAN (BRIAN WILDE); GRANDPA (GERALD CROSS); MAMA (ELINOR LITHGOW); PAPA (RICHARD WARNER) AND GRANDMA (JANET BARROW).



"A STROKE HAS RENDERED HER DUMB, BUT SHE UNDERSTANDS, AND HER EYES ARE ELOQUENT": MADAME RAQUIN (HELEN HAYE) IN A SCENE FROM "THE LOVERS" (WINTER GARDEN) IN WHICH SHE TRIES TO SPELL OUT WITH DOMINOES THE LOVERS' GUILTY SECRET. (L. TO R.) THÉRÈSE (EVA BARTOK); LAURENT (SAM WANAMAKER); MADAME RAQUIN (HELEN HAYE); GRIVET (PETER COPLEY) AND MICHAUT (KYNASTON REEVES).

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE TENDER TRAP" (Saville).—Here we are again in a New York penthouse, studying the habits of the young American man and woman. We have had several of these frivolous case-histories in recent years; and the latest one, with Brian Reece as its subject, is as desperately bright as the others and not very funny. It is acted well by Mr. Reece, Geraldine McEwan, and Daphne Anderson; but there must surely be unproduced home-bred comedies of at least more accomplishment and originality. (May 3.)

"THE MIDNIGHT FAMILY" (Arts).—The plot turns on a favourite preoccupation of modern French dramatists. An indifferent fantasy, written by Charles Dorat and translated by Gillian Winter, it has some serviceable scenes, one thoroughly bad act, and some understanding performances, those especially of Emrys Jones, Rosalind Boxall, and Elaine Usher. The scene is a top-floor flat in Montmartre; the time is between midnight and daybreak. The rest must be discovered in the theatre. (May 4.)

"ARDEN OF FAVERSHAM" (Theatre Royal, Stratford, E.).—The anonymous play that some writers have held, implausibly, to be Shakespearean. It is a stage treatment of a Kentish murder tale of 1550; Joan Littlewood has produced with economy; and the playing, by a Theatre Workshop cast, is adequate. The production, with the same company's modern dress "Volpone," is now in Paris as an English exhibit at the International Drama Festival. (May 3; seen May 5.)

"THE LOVERS" (Winter Garden).—Zola again, the "Thérèse Raquin" story in a new version and intricately produced by Sam Wanamaker, but acted too unevenly to persuade us. Eva Bartok forces Thérèse: Mr. Wanamaker's Laurent is too often grittily monotonous. We are left with the acting of Helen Haye (for whose performance there must be undivided admiration), subsidiary studies by Peter Copley, Kynaston Reeves, and—a very neat miniature—Brian Oulton; and a fine, sombre, and complicated set by Georges Wakhevitch. (May 6.)



AT THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHY: "TRINIDAD—MARACAS BEACH," A STRIKING STUDY BY ANNE BOLT, WHICH CAN BE SEEN AT THE R.B.A. GALLERY, IN SUFFOLK STREET, LONDON.

The Annual Exhibition of Professional Photography, presented by the Institute of British Photographers, opened on May 11 and will continue until June 7 at the R.B.A. Gallery, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, S.W.1. It consists of about 1000 prints and colour transparencies which have been selected by forty-six judges, photographers, editors, artists, and others. This striking and evocative study of dancers on the beach is one of three exhibits in the show by Miss Anne Bolt. It shows Marie-Jean Françoise, who studied with Katherine Dunham and has

been training a dance troupe of her own in Trinidad, with her dancing partner, at Maracas Bay, the favourite *plage* for Port of Spain. Miss Bolt has just returned to London after a year's photographic trip to the Caribbean Islands. Some of the photographs which she took during her tour were reproduced in colour in our issue of February 5 this year, in which we showed a number of the places which Princess Margaret visited during her successful month's tour of the British West Indies, from which she returned to this country on March 3.

"TRAFALGAR" AT BATH, A DISASTER, AND HOME NEWS, PAST AND PRESENT.



IN COMMEMORATION OF THE 150TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE VICTORY: THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR REPRESENTED AT BATH MAY FESTIVAL BY MODELS OF FULLY-RIGGED SHIPS.

A feature of the Bath Festival, which ends to-day, May 21, was the outdoor evening spectacle representing the Battle of Trafalgar, on the sports ground by the Avon. Models of fully-rigged ships representing the two fleets were used diagrammatically to illustrate the phases of the battle. It was appropriate that Bath should be the first place to commemorate the 150th anniversary of Trafalgar, as Nelson was closely associated with the city, and received the Freedom in 1797.



MARKING THE END OF THE NEW ROYAL HUNT CUP COURSE: THESE "GOLDEN GATES" ARE A FEATURE OF THE EXTENSIVE RENOVATIONS AT ASCOT, DURING THE WINTER. During the winter of 1954-55 and the following spring, extensive alterations have been made to the Ascot racecourse, and with the approach of the Royal meeting it is possible to appreciate the immense improvements effected. A new Royal Hunt Cup course has been completed, with new "Golden Gates" and lodges at the end of it, and the Royal Enclosure has been materially extended.



TO OPERATE THE SHUTTLE SERVICE BETWEEN LONDON AIRPORT AND THE SOUTH BANK TERMINAL NEAR WATERLOO: ONE OF THE SPECIAL WESTLAND S-55 HELICOPTERS OF B.E.A. The two Westland S-55 helicopters ordered by British European Airways for the passenger service between London Airport and the South Bank terminal—which is due to begin in June—have now been delivered. These helicopters are fitted with floats—in case of a landing in the Thames—and with a silencer. They carry a crew of two and eight passengers and their luggage. B.E.A. have ordered a third S-55 for development tests.



THE LAST PADDLE-STEAMER OPERATING IN BRITISH WATERS SEEN AT THE END OF HER FINAL VOYAGE: RED FUNNEL STEAMERS' LORD ELGIN AT SOUTHAMPTON BEFORE GOING TO BE BROKEN UP AFTER A CAREER OF SEVENTY-NINE YEARS.

Lord Elgin, last of the paddle-steamers operating in British waters, made her last voyage in service across the Solent on May 12 before going to be broken up. Built in 1876 as a pleasure steamer and converted to cargo work over forty years ago, her passing means the end of paddle vessels in British waters. She was ceremonially "seen off" from Cowes, and hooters of local factories saluted her.



A SURREY STUD-FARM REVIVED: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL HAS BOUGHT THIS 42-ACRE PROPERTY NEAR LINGFIELD, SURREY, TO ACCOMMODATE HIS RACEHORSES.

The 42-acre stud-farm at Newchapel, Lingfield, Surrey, once the property of Mr. John Dewar, the distiller, has recently been purchased for Sir Winston Churchill to enable all his horses, at present in various farms, to be brought together. The farm, unused for over twenty-five years, has twenty-six loose boxes, two Dutch barns, a three-roomed cottage, a five-roomed bungalow, galloping track, exercising ground, and a weed-covered paddock. The purchase price of the property was undisclosed.



WHERE FIVE SCHOOLBOYS WERE LOST: THE CRATER OF A MINE EXPLOSION ON THE BEACH AT SWANAGE, IN DORSET. ONE BOY WAS MISSING AND PRESUMED BLOWN INTO THE SEA.

On May 13, while a number of boys from Forres Preparatory School, accompanied by a master, were walking on Swanage beach there was an explosion and four boys were known to be killed. A fifth boy was missing, but one of his shoes was later washed up and it was believed that he had been blown into the sea. The area was a wartime minefield, certified cleared five years ago, but a mine could have been washed in from the sea.



THE THREE SISTERS OF GRÉTRY'S LITTLE-KNOWN OPERA, *ZÉMIRE ET AZOR*, REVIVED AT THE BATH MAY FESTIVAL: (L. TO R.) FATMÉ (ARDA MANDIKIAN), ZÉMIRE (HUGUETTE BOULANGEOT), LISBÉ (CLAIRE DUCHESNEAU).

THE OPENING OF THE BATH MAY FESTIVAL: AN 18TH-CENTURY "BEAUTY AND THE BEAST" REVIVED.



BEAUTY SINGS FOR THE BEAST: ZÉMIRE CHARMING AZOR (MICHEL SENECHAL), SEATED AMONG HIS ANTLERED AND WHISKERED ATTENDANTS, WHO PERFORM THE DANCES.



(ABOVE)

THE FINALE: (L. TO R.) FATMÉ AND LISBÉ; AZOR, FREED FROM THE SPELL, WITH ZÉMIRE; HER FATHER, SANDER (BERNARD LEFORT). AND HIS SERVANT, ALI (MICHEL HAMEL), WITH ATTENDANTS.

BATH'S ten-day May Festival of eighteenth-century arts opened on May 11 in Sheridan's little Theatre Royal with the opera *Zémire et Azor*. This *opéra comique* was composed in 1771 by Andre Grétry, a Belgian by birth who lived and composed in France, and it is a version of the story of Beauty and the Beast, but the heroine, Zémire, has, like Cinderella, two elder sisters, Fatmé and Lisbé. With the exception of Miss Arda Mandikian, the cast was specially brought over from France. Sir Thomas Beecham edited and arranged the score and conducted the Bournemouth Orchestra. The producer was Mr. Anthony Besch and the costumes and designs were by Mr. Oliver Messel. In general the décor was rococo, but Sander, the father of Zémire, and his servant, Ali (a comic part), were dressed in Oriental costume. The dances for the strange attendants of Azor, with their whiskers and antlers, were arranged by Mr. William Chappell.

Photographs by Armstrong Jones.



THE BEAST, AZOR (RIGHT), THREATENS SANDER WITH DEATH FOR STEALING A ROSE: THE SERVANT, ALI, CROUCHES IN TERROR.



THE HERO AND HEROINE OF THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY OPERA: AZOR PLEADS WITH ZÉMIRE NOT TO FEAR HIM.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

PERHAPS at one time fiction was not fiction if it really happened. But with the advent of the "novelised biography," we have got over that; and if biography can become fiction when it is treated as such, then why not any sequence of events, told as a story? Why not, in the immediate instance, "Trial by Sasswood," by Esther Warner (Gollancz; 15s.)? According to Johnny, its black steward, the use of storytelling is "to say a true, true thing that you do not know any other way to say." In which case, all novels are true, or ought to be—while this true record is, above all, an enchanting story.

Being out of Africa, it has the usual, unavoidable theme: the tension between black and white. But without any of the usual dismalness. First, because its African characters are tribesmen: but even more, because the narrator is on intimate and equal terms with them. What makes so many novels of the colour feud so grim and grey is that the writer, even if well-meaning and sympathetic, seems to have no acquaintance with Africans; they swarm around, yet he might be observing them over a chasm. This is most glaring in a city milieu; it is less obvious, but often just as true out in the bush. But not on the Firestone Plantation, in Liberia; at least, not around Mrs. Warner. "Mommio" and her servants are a family; and we get a charming picture of them at work, "to the rhythm of a little under-arm drum which Buno thumped daily for the floor-polishing dance." That was the morning Town Chief "went berserk"—and Comma walked in and controlled him. Chief is a drunken chimpanzee; and after that, Comma is hired to take charge of the animals. He has a dream of learning, and a scholarship to the Gold Coast, but in the first place he needs money. . . . Then one sad day he is entrusted with the enormous sum of fifty dollars, to buy another chimp in his village. It is a seven-days trek; Comma returns after three months, with an absurd tale of being set upon and robbed, not of the money, but of the chimpanzee. There goes his scholarship—for, of course, the Mission people don't believe him. And without "learning," he is outcast. He has no father; he is the unclaimed offspring of a gambling debt, for which the chief pawned his head wife. Being uninitiated, he has no place in the tribe. And Mommio helped to spoil his good name—so now the least she can do is to walk back with him to Lomaland, and see it polished up.

The incommunicable charm lies by the way: in casual happenings, in the flow of stories and ideas, the idiom and humour, and, above all, the gay, easy, complete fellowship.

OTHER FICTION.

"Tune for an Elephant," by Elio Vittorini (Weidenfeld and Nicolson; 10s. 6d.), is really a short narrative poem in prose. "There was a whole household of us," it begins, "but the only member of the family who was in work . . . was my brother Euclide." They all live on his pay-packet; and they have the same conversation every Saturday night. A conversation about bread . . .

Our house was outside the town, the Lambrate wood was opposite the kitchen door. In the evening the wood seemed to penetrate right into the house, just as if we were in the heart of the country. As a matter of fact, we had never been in the country. Grandfather used to be a bricklayer . . .

And grandfather is the whole trouble. He is enormous; an enormous hulk. "Mother always said he was like an elephant." He sits all day in his chair, "with one leg resting on the other, holding his stick in his hands, without ever opening his eyes." When spoken to, he doesn't answer. He is a monument—one of the giant race before the flood; and he devours their pay-packet, week after week. Mother invariably puts him first. "A man like that!" she says—who could "walk along a scaffolding with an iron girder under his arm."

Almost the whole novel is in the scene: the family of unemployed, the speechless Titan in his chair, and the Lambrate wood: a pseudo-jungle, studded with cast-iron fountains and sardine-tins. At last, one had to wander off into the other, as elephants are said to do when they die. The only question is, how it will come about. I thought the method too elaborate; but the event itself has the unforgettable quality of the beginning.

"The Winds of Heaven," by Monica Dickens (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.), deals with a kindred but prosaic theme, in a more common strain. Louise Bickford, widowed at fifty-odd after a marriage meekly borne, finds herself grievously hard up. However, she won't starve; she has three daughters, and a rowdy, warm-hearted old friend with a hotel in the Isle of Wight. Sybil has offered her asylum in the winter months; and for the rest of the year, she stays with each daughter in turn. Which is embarrassing all round, but much worse for Louise, who gets no respite. The girls mean to be kind, and take it as an axiom that "mother can't live alone"; so poor Louise—an ingenuous, sweet woman, with more perception than they think—is miserably reduced to killing time, and trying not to be in the way. The only bright spots are an ugly duckling of a granddaughter, and a fat, gentle "pick-up" who sells beds. These two furnish the happy ending. Louise's plight is brilliantly studied; so are the very different households of her pilgrimage. Yet on the whole—as so often before—one feels that such a talented novelist ought to write better books.

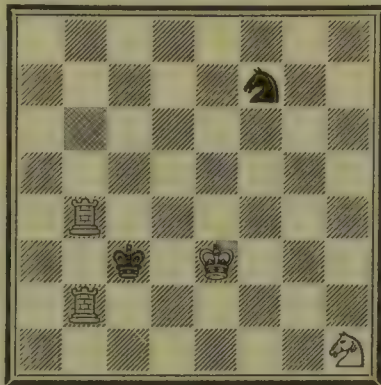
In "Castle Minerva," by Victor Canning (Hodder and Stoughton; 10s. 6d.), the narrator is a well-adjusted young schoolmaster, fond of escaping in the holidays to "strange places and people." He had a grand design just coming up—but says good-bye to it for Colonel Drexel, his war hero. The Colonel has lately been assigned to snatch a youthful Arab princeling from a villainous regent, and get him safely to the Foreign Office; and thus far he has brought it off. But in the seedy villa at Banyuls, Jabal is found and borne away by a mysterious gang, apparently with David's complicity. Even the Colonel seems unsure of him. . . . And then, David is kidnapped too; and finds himself a prisoner in the high, turreted Château Minerva. . . . This tale has all the usual thriller-elements, and a lot more. It has a vivid regional background; the human interest is genuine and dynamic, and the surprises speak to the imagination.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

I HAVE two problems for you this week. The first is an original composition, specially contributed by T. K. Wigan, West Chobham:

Black.



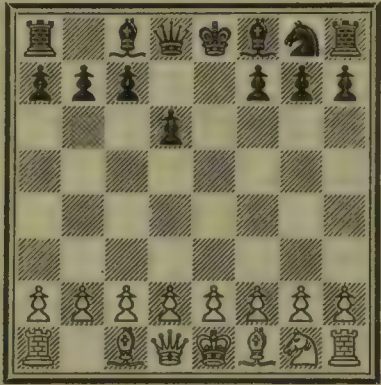
White.

White to play and mate on his third move against any defence.

As a three-mover may mean an hour's hard mental toil even for a good player, let me make it clear that this is quite easy. The solution—don't look!—is at the foot of this column, but half-way down I have dropped a helpful hint for those who find it harder than they like.

The second problem is a fascinating curio which, I think, any player will find attractive:

Black.



White.

Black has just made his fourth move. What is it?

At a glance, I could see this was a gem. It was only when preparing it for publication, however, that I found the friend who had sent it me had omitted to append the solution. I took four minutes to find it—but the radio had to be turned off!

Naturally, you have to reconstruct the play; but don't expect it to reveal any high degree of sanity!

Back to the three-mover. You would like a tip? White's first two moves are with his king, and they are the same, however Black plays. . . .

Now for the solution to the second diagram: the play was 1. Kt-QB3, P-Q3; 2. Kt-Q5, Kt-Q2; 3. Kt x KP, Kt (Q2)-B3; 4. Kt x Kt, Kt x Kt. It can soon be proved that it is White's QKt which has gone, but it is certainly a surprise to find that Black's casualty was his king's knight.

The mate-in-three? Try 1. K-K4; 2. K-Q5; 3. R(Kt4)-Kt3—these being all White's moves. Black can do what he likes!

any more than I can believe that responsible American Senators and industrialists are "Fascists," for that would imply, if words mean anything, that they wanted a one-party corporate State. Nevertheless, Mr. Elmer Davis, who was during the war Director of the United States Office of Information, does produce some disturbing pictures of intolerance in America to-day, and of what would seem to be the almost unconstitutional activities of some Congressional committees. He is, of course, right, too, that the price of liberty is eternal vigilance, but the dilemma of the modern liberal is that if you are too tender to one set of people who advocate a threat to a nation's liberty, you may end by losing your freedom of choice yourself.

"Plants Without Flowers," by Harold Bastin (Hutchinson; 16s.), is an excellent popular account of those aspects of the vegetable kingdom of which the normal gardener knows little. They range from algae and fungi to lichens and ferns. The book is fully illustrated both by photographs and drawings, and will commend itself to the botanist while being written in a way which will make it attractive to the general reader.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

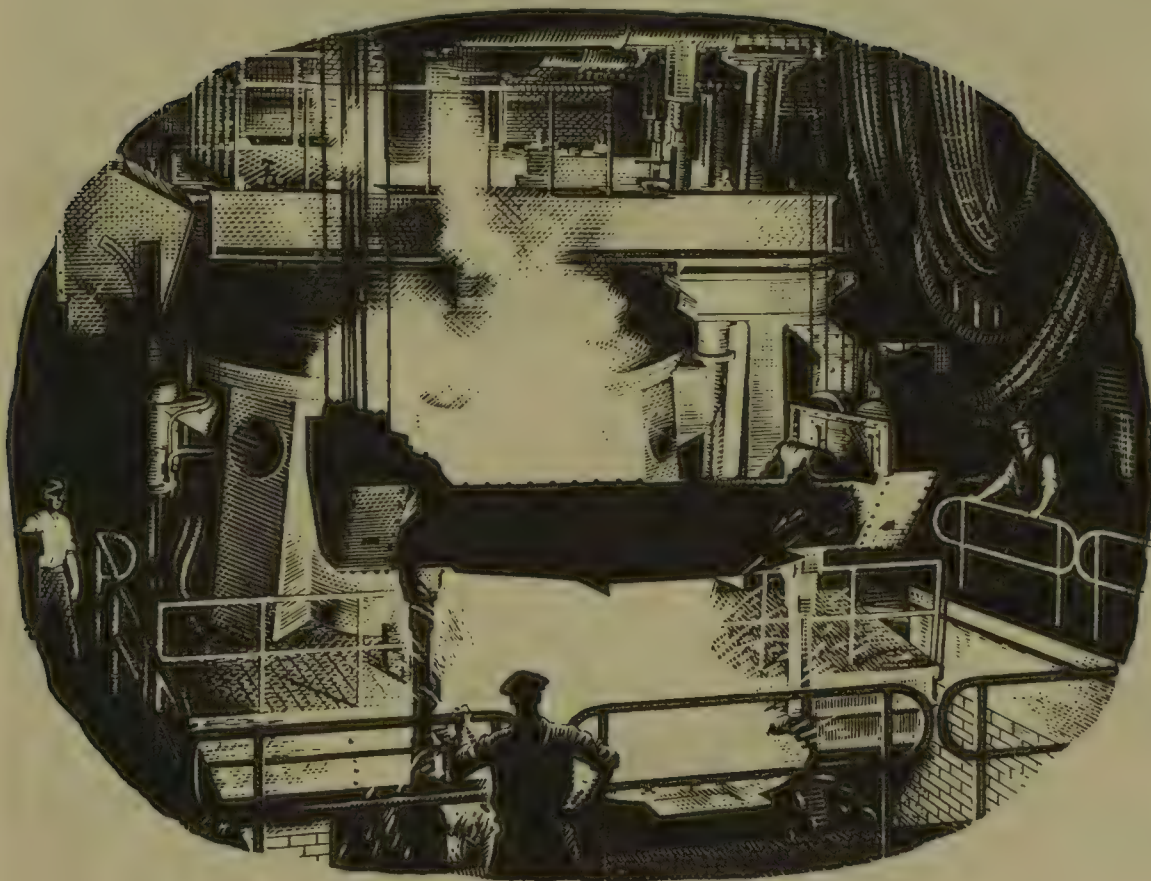
GALLANTRY AND MIRACLES.

LAST week, in reviewing that excellent book "Rossano," by Gordon Lett, I drew attention to the artlessness of this story of gallantry behind enemy lines in Italy in the last war, which added so much to its attraction. This week in "Going to the Wars," by John Verney (Collins; 12s. 6d.), we have a book which, while covering in its essentials much of the same ground and dealing with the same type of irregular activity, is written by a man who is used to expressing himself attractively and well on paper. Mr. Verney tells the story of a soldier who became one slightly against his will (though he joined the Territorial Army in the '30's), who regarded soldiering as a private war between himself and the Army, who was happiest when on detached duties in a cloak-and-dagger organisation, but who, nevertheless, obviously developed into a first-class soldier after all. He writes with vigour and wit of his pre-war and early war Army career in a first-class yeomanry unit thinly disguised as the Barsestshire Yeomanry. I like, for example, astringent descriptions such as this: "My naïve enthusiasm for the latter's [Lawrence of Arabia] exploits led me to ask of a captain in the Scots Greys, who had been in Palestine for two years, whether he enjoyed riding camels. He looked stunned." In the end his career as an irregular culminated in his capture by the Italians, his imprisonment and his escape. Not the least delightful passage in the book is his description of the fury of the colonel of the British unit through whose outposts he had walked unobserved on his passage to freedom. "'Can't think why they didn't shoot you,' the Colonel said irritably. 'Remind me to have a word with the Company Commander about that,' he added to his Adjutant." The book ends on a note of gladness in that the author was safely restored to the arms of his Lucasta, and of sadness in that he had heard nothing of his great friend throughout, "Amos," who had escaped with him, until, waiting for his host in the hallway of a London club after the war, he saw against his distinguished name "Killed in Italy, 1943?" This is a human and extremely well-written book.

Another excellently written and, both in its subject and its presentation, extremely moving book, is "The Second Miracle," by Peter Greave (Chatto and Windus; 12s. 6d.). The author was living in India when one day, while shaving, he noted a small red spot "which glowed as if it hid a fire" on his forehead. He thought little of it at the time, but some months later a larger discoloration appeared on his skin. Again some time passed, and then the horrible truth which he had been trying to hide from himself could no longer be concealed. He was a leper. Leprosy in the East is still extremely common and, alas, not too difficult to come by. I remember as a child the mingled pity and repulsion with which one saw the poor creatures from which one's mentors were at great pains to keep one at a safe distance. Mr. Greave's reaction to this terrible affliction was to go native and to bury himself in a single room in the horrifying slums of Calcutta, where, but for remittances from his family, he would have starved. Finally, however, he came to England and came under the care of admirable doctors, nurses of great compassion and patience, and the treatment of new drugs, which ultimately cured him. Something else happened to Mr. Greave of even greater importance—the something from which the book takes its title. The years of physical degradation had had their spiritual counterpart, so that he was spiritually down and out. Watching the miracle of his own cure and the selflessness of those who had charge of him, he suddenly experienced a true conversion to Christianity, which he describes in those inadequate words which the great Christians and great mystics, from St. Paul to St. John of the Cross, have found equally difficult adequately to formulate. "Words," he says, "have only the connotation that familiar use has given to them; they cannot convey to another mind the reality of an overwhelming spiritual experience. Each man must experience his own miracle." The book is dedicated to Princess Marie Louise, "friend and patron of the Homes described in this book," and I can imagine nothing more likely to advance the cause of these admirable charities.

American "Liberals," like followers of Senator McCarthy in that great country, are not easy for people in this country, used as we are to taking a basic liberalism (with a small "l") for granted, to understand. To begin with, like their opponents and persecutors, they are a little strident and a little shrill. It is this stridency and shrillness which to some extent mars the otherwise admirable series of essays in "But We Were Born Free," by Elmer Davis (Deutsch; 15s.). I see that M. Heriot has called this book "an American bible of freedom." But M. Heriot, bless his heart, is nowadays a little out of date. It is dangerous for an outsider to get himself mixed up in these controversies, and at this distance one can only be sorry that the case against Communism and the stressing of the need for eternal vigilance against its avowed and hidden supporters should, to our moderate way of thinking, be over-stressed. Mr. Elmer Davis says that in America a Liberal is anyone who dares to think for himself. I find it hard to believe that this is so,

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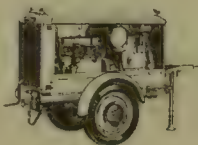
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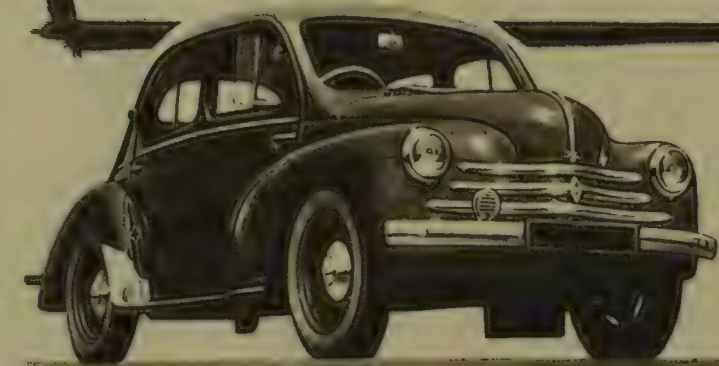
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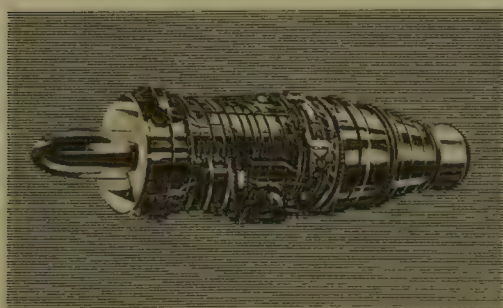
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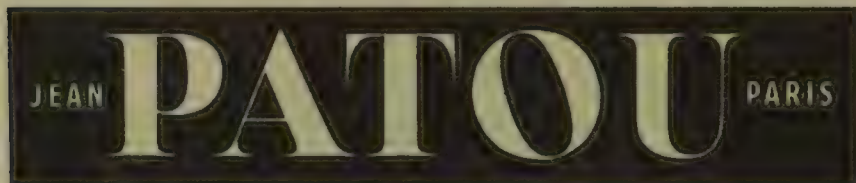


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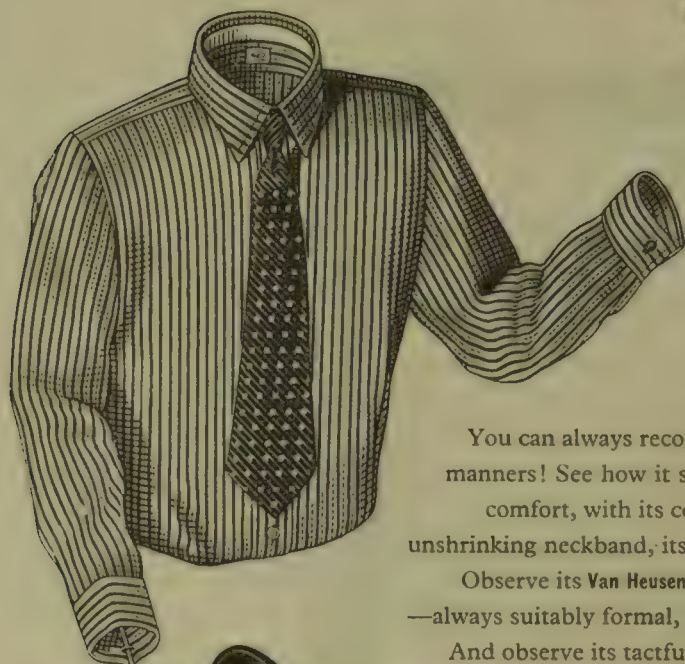
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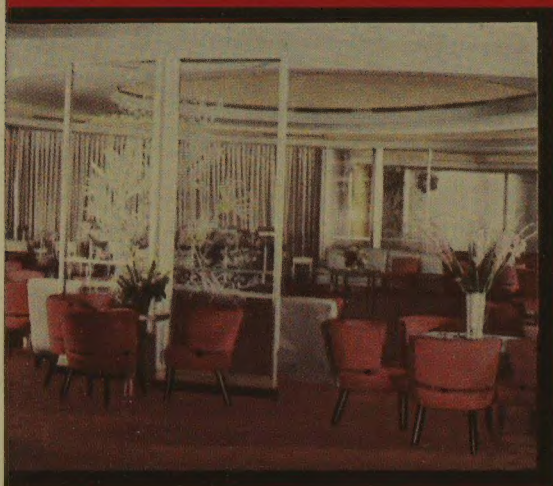


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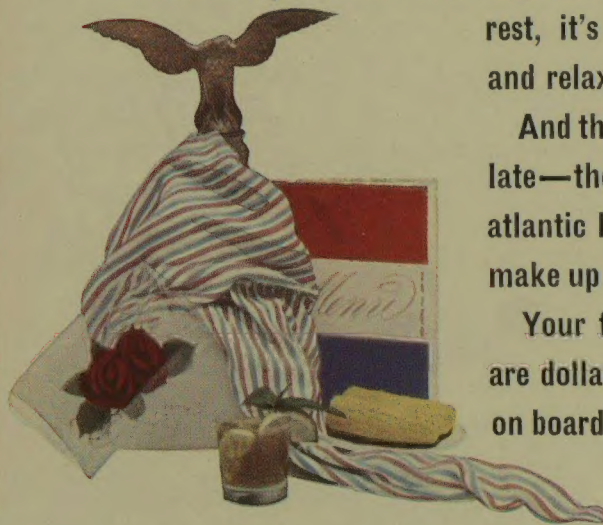
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